TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Fertilizing Plants.

EDITORS RURAL—In Vol. 10, No. 39, of the RURAL, there is an article on "*Forage and Fertilizing Plants*," in which *spurry* is very highly spoken of for manurial purposes, and as especially adapted to reclaiming soils which are too poor to produce clover. Now, if you can assure me that it will prove as valuable as it is represented to be in the article to which I refer, I shall be glad to try it, as I have several acres of such land, and my means are too limited to permit a direct outlay of an hundred dollars or more in the purchase of manure. I suppose that some kinds of soil are better adapted to the growth of spurry than others. Mine is a sandy loam, rather light, resting on retentive subsoil, and well adapted, if sufficiently rich and properly managed, to growing nearly all kinds of grain. Please to inform me, through the RURAL, where the seed can be obtained, the price, and the quantity required per acre? I shall also be thankful for any other information concerning this or any other fertilizing plant which you may think proper to give.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Hopewell, N. Y.*, 1861.

IN the number of the RURAL referred to by our correspondent, we gave from the best foreign authorities the best information we could obtain respecting the value and uses of Spurry. It is grown in France, but more extensively in Russia, for green fodder and hay. In England it is used principally for enriching lands too poor to grow clover. It is said by those who are acquainted with it, that there are no soils so poor that spurry will not grow on them well, and as it is ready to turn under in eight weeks, and for pasture in six weeks, the most barren soils can be very rapidly improved. It is usual to sow it the middle of April, commence pasturing the latter end of May, and if eaten off in June, the land is turned flat and another crop sown, which affords fine pasture in August and September. VAN VOORT says this operation is of as much benefit to the land as ten loads of stable manure to the acre; and that it is *the* clover of sandy lands, the blessing of which is incredible when rightly employed. We do not know that spurry has ever been grown in this country, but of its success we have little doubt. When looking at the half-bare hills and sandy knolls, where clover refused to "*catch*," we have often wished that spurry could be tried. The seed, we think, has never been brought to this country, but we have reason to know that farmers will have an opportunity to test its value another season.

Varieties of Potatoes.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—You will confer a favor on one, if not many, of your subscribers, by giving us a description, and also the character of the *Davis Seedling Potato*. I have just received a barrel of this kind from your section, which are said to be unlike others exhibited by this name. J. R. F., *Wilkesbarre, Pa., May*, 1861.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Are the *Clinton Potatoes* worthy of culture, and how near do they resemble the *Fluke*? Please give a description of the *Prince Albert*. Some say it is the same as the *Fluke*. What do you think of Davis' Seedling as a market potato.—V. E R.

THE *Davis Seedling* is a red potato, a peculiar bright red when taken from the ground, but becoming duller by keeping. In the summer, when dug before being entirely ripe, the color is quite attractive, being a beautiful combination of bright pink and purple. They are then, as was remarked to us by a celebrated Pomologist of Boston, when we first obtained specimens, as beautiful as a peach. When the outside skin is scraped off, the coloring matter remains and looks the brighter for the operation. The form is round, but generally flattened and somewhat irregular. Flesh, white. It is not likely to be popular in the New York market, as its color and form is against it. The buyers for the East like a long, white potato, and if it has a little of the Mercer color, they will give the very highest price, although it may hardly be fit to boil up for the pigs. The good name of the old and favorite Mercer is made to cover a multitude of sins. We know one or two persons here who think *Davis' Seedling* hardly worthy of the character we have given it. The trouble is that if planted on very rich ground, it will grow too large, and the quality will be inferior, although the crop will be enormous.

The Clinton, we believe, is similar to the Prince Albert, which is of the same form as the Fluke, but has a rough, brownish, russety skin; while the Fluke is smooth, white and glossy. The haulm of the Prince is of longer growth, drooping and of a very light green color, while the Fluke is dark green, and generally pretty erect. For several years we purchased Prince Alberts for seed, and could obtain nothing but Flukes, and we concluded they must be the same. At the East, however, we found they were different, and finally succeeded in obtaining the genuine Prince Albert. They are grown extensively about Albany, while the Fluke at the East seems almost unknown. It is much the best potato. The Clinton we have grown, proved to be the Prince Albert.

Culture of Hops.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Living in Wisconsin, and being a subscriber to your paper, I would be pleased to have you post me up in regard to the raising of hops, and how to cultivate them by using poles and a wire, similar to telegraph wire, with cords running from the hill to the wire, and attached by a hook. Is the plan feasible? Give your experience in this matter, and oblige—ANDREW LAWTON, *Wisconsin, May*, 1861.

EDS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Do hops require a rich soil? Please give me and others the best mode of planting, culture, and all other information necessary for successful practice Is the growing of hops profitable?—Q.

THE above are two of quite a number of inquiries we have received within a month or so, and having but little knowledge on the subject, compared with that possessed by the experienced growers of Otsego and other counties in this State where the Hop is extensively cultivated, we must ask some of our readers in these sections to give the desired information, making only a few general remarks. The hop requires a good soil, and if not naturally so, it must be enriched with manures, and made of a good depth by subsoiling. The surface soil should not be buried. Where the ground is only plowed the ordinary depth, it is usual to dig large holes for the hills, and add manure. This is thought by some as good as subsoiling the whole surface. In Kent, and other hop counties of England, where we have visited the hop gardens, the usual practice is to raise plants, in a kind of nursery, from cuttings, allowing them to grow one year before setting out; but in this country the usual practice is, we believe, to obtain plants from division of the roots, and put them in the hills at once. After the ground is prepared, it should be marked off and a stake set for each hill, the hills being from six to seven feet apart. Three strong plants are enough for each hill, and they should be within about a foot of each other. They must receive good clean culture the first season, and it is a good plan to crop the ground with potatoes, or some other low crop. If a liberal dressing of well rotted manure, artificial manure, or manure water be given each hill once or twice in the season, say the first and the last of June, it will produce a decided effect on the growth of the vines, and cause them to come into full bearing the second season, and perhaps give enough to pay for the trouble of culture the first. The English practice is to place a stake about four feet long to each hill, to which the plants are fastened as they grow. They must not be cut back in the autumn until the stalks are fully ripe. The second spring, manure well and keep the ground well cultivated and clean. Each hill will require two or three poles twenty feet and over in length, which must be well set in the ground so as not to blow down in storms. These poles must not be fastened together at the top, as one of our correspondents supposes, as this would shade both plant and root too much. Each pole should be set straight in a hole made by an iron bar, and at equal distances from each other, in such a manner that all parts of the plant can have the benefit of light and air. They will require at first to be trained to these poles by hand, and may be fastened by matting or woolen yarn, when three or four feet in height.

A Sweet-Scented, Troublesome Grass.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Inclosed I send a sample of a kind of grass which I find scattered in small patches, here and there, over about twenty acres of a farm that I purchased a year ago. It seems to spread very rapidly by the roots, some of which are one and a half to two feet long. You will notice that it is very fragrant. It is something entirely new to me, and I will thank you to inform me in the RURAL its name, nature, and the best method of exterminating it.—I. S. LEETE, *Money Creek, Min.*, 1861.

The grass sent us with the above is *Hierochloa borealis*, or *Holy grass*, from the fact that it was customary to strew it before the doors of churches on festivals and holy days, in the North of Europe. It is also called *Vanilla grass*, on account of its fine fragrance, very similar to that of the vanilla bean. It is found on wet ground in all the Eastern, Western, and Northern States, and as far South as Virginia. It is also a native of Europe, and its fragrance causes it to be sown sometimes in gardens. While it is among the earliest of the spring grasses, it is of little value, on account of the sparseness of its foliage, while its powerful creeping roots, like those of the couch grass, makes its eradication very difficult, and it becomes a troublesome weed to the farmer. Thorough and persevering cultivation, raking out the roots, and drying them in heaps, as must be done when ground is badly infested with couch grass, is the only way to eradicate it, that we know of. As it likes a moist soil, good drainage would doubtless be of much advantage.

Straw on Old Meadows.

PLEASE give me, through your paper, the views of yourself or correspondents on the application of straw to old meadows. What time ought it to be put on, and how deep? Ought they to be rolled before or after putting on?—C. L. H., *Spring Mills, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*

THE practice, we believe, is growing into favor. A correspondent, of Manlius, Onondaga County, writes us that he has found the practice very beneficial on sandy land, where the soil is thin and the grass light. "The straw should be spread evenly on the land, in the fall, or early in the spring. It protects the grass roots from the scorching heat of the sun, and keeps the ground moist. In this way the surplus straw may be used up, and the hay crop largely increased. I am well satisfied with the result of this practice."

BOOK-KEEPING FOR FARMERS.

IN early life, before I became a farmer, I served an apprenticeship of six years as an accountant in a commercial house in one of our Atlantic cities. Into the vocation of a farmer I brought my habits as an accountant, and devised a simple form of book-keeping, adapted to that occupation, which, finding it to answer the purpose well, I have ever since used. As I have often been applied to by young and inexperienced farmers for an outline of accounts suited to their business, and as the present is a time calling loudly for economy, I have thought that perhaps an essay as brief as the subject may admit might be acceptable.

With the aid of accounts, a farmer can at any time call into intelligent array all the facts of his business, which otherwise no memory, however tenacious, can treasure up; and thus the important fact whether he is successful or not, as well as the measure of that success, may at any time be ascertained.

A farmer requires only two books: a Ledger and Memorandum Book. One book may be conveniently used for both. In that case commence at each end of the book and write towards its middle.

In the Ledger the first page should be reserved for an Index, which need not be alphabetical. The first account may be an account of Promissory notes given and received, opened on a double page, thus:

Account of Promissory Notes. 1861.	*Account of the payment thereof:* 1861
Jan. 1. John Brown note for $60, payable 6 mos after date, with int, due July 1.	July 1, Rec'd principal. $60.00 Do. interest, .. 1 80 $61 80
Jan. 10. My note in favor Jas Smith for $40, payable 3 mos. from date, with interest, due April 10.	April 10. Paid principal $40.00 Do. interest... 60 $40.60

The next account may be an account of all cash paid or received, and may be kept on double or single pages, at the accountant's option. I give a specimen on double pages:

Dr. *Cash Received.* 1861.	*Cash Paid.* *Cr.* 1861.
Jan. 1. To am't of cash on hand,... .. $150.00	Mar. 1. By Robt. Merry, as per account on file............$120 00
Feb. 2. " Jas. Steele for 100 bu wheat 115.00	Ap'l 10. " Jas. Smith, as per prom'y note account, page 1,....... 40.60
July 1. " John Brown, as per prom'y note account, page 1,....... 61.80	July 7. " Step. James, for wages, on account,...... 20 00

Cash is regarded as a person, and is charged with all moneys received and credited with all moneys paid. Every three or six months this account should be balanced, and if correctly kept, the balance of the account will exactly agree with the money on hand. This account is often evidence of the payment of small debts of which there is no other record; and if one's expenses are too nearly approximating, or going beyond one's income, the place of retrenchment may here be sought out.

Next in order are accounts with persons with whom we have dealings. They may be kept on single ledger pages, with a double ruled column for debt and credit, thus:

JOHN BROWN.	*Credit.*	*Debtor.*
Jan. 1.—To 60 lambs at $1 each..		$60 00
Jan. 1.—By his note, payable in 6mos. as per prom'y note acc., page 1.......	$60 00	——

A farmer may, if he chooses to do so, open an account with each crop, or field, or with his farm in general, or with any special investment in stock, or all of these. In that case, such accounts, as with persons, should be charged with all cost and expenses, and credited with all receipts.

The memorandum book is for records of every kind which do not appropriately belong to the ledger. Charges against transient persons, with a margin for record of settlement; spaces sufficient for one year for the birth and foundation of stock; a record of all contracts; the time, earned and lost, of domestics and laborers; details of harvests of all kinds; of planting trees; diary of farm work; notes of the weather; spaces for valuable recipes; the arrival and departure of visitors; records of some deaths and marriages; of sheep shearing; of mailing valuable letters; the purchase of stock, with the age of the animals; about line fences; the yearly assessment of taxes; maps of fields and farm; when foddering begins, and when it ends; when winter sets in; when the hogs were shut up to fat. In short, anything and everything of which the farmer desires to preserve a record. This book has often refreshed my own memory, and that of others, relative to important transactions involving pecuniary gain or loss.

Once a year an account of stock should be made out and entered in this book, which should be a summary or condensed view of the farmer's affairs, and include all that belongs to the debt and credit sides of his standing with the world. A yearly comparison of these annual accounts of stock will be very valuable and interesting, and may incite to that economy and thrift which are the foundations of success. PETER HATHAWAY.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1861.

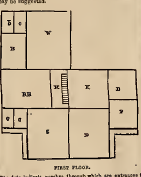
A FARM HOUSE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have long been trying to get the plan of a house to suit my ideas of convenience and elegance. There have been several admirable plans published in your columns, but none which I quite wished to adopt for myself. I have lived in large houses, with dismal parlors to shut up and take care of, and cold, empty, cheerless halls. These may do for some people and situations, but I wish to dispense with them, and to occupy, in my own family, nearly all of the room—all on the ground floor. The form of a private house may depend on locality and circumstances.

I have not studied architecture, and have my views directed more to convenience and utility than ornament and beauty, though where elegance and utility may be combined, would prefer to have them. I submit a plan for your publication, and solicit suggestions from those of your readers who may be interested, hoping many may be profited thereby.

How the roof may be best placed on this plan, I am undecided—wishing to have a fire-place in sitting room and large bed room, and to have the chimney go out the top of the roof, as experience teaches me that chimneys going out on the side of a roof are apt to cause damp walls, by the roof leaking around them. The main building is designed 32 by 32 feet square, with side wings 10 feet. If it is out of all proportion, will some one enlighten? I have just put the rooms where and as I want them, without reference to other arrangements, except partially.

It is designed for a two story house, and may be a rude draft. Doors and windows left to be placed as may be suggested.



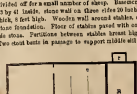
FIRST FLOOR.

The dots indicate porches, through which are entrances to the sitting and dining rooms. *S*, Sitting Room—16x18 feet; *D*, Dining Room—15x18, *B*, *R*, Family Room—17x14; *H*, Hall; *K*, Kitchen—15x14; *P*, Pantry—9x10; *B*, Bed Room—10x10; *W*, Woodhouse—15x20; *C*, Clothes Room; *B*, Bath Room; *B*, Bed Room—10x14.

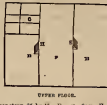
Thirty feet may possibly be sufficient for the front, but if it be a brick house, the walls would be included, and if of wood, the rooms would not be more than 14½ feet. QUERY.

BANK BARN FOR A FIFTY-ACRE FARM.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Inclosed you will find a rude draft of a barn I am about building for grain and stock, which I think is well adapted to the wants of a small farmer. I have made no allowance for sheep, having already a wagon house, with stone basement for sheep standing at right angles with the barn, but part of the open shed might be divided off for a small number of sheep. Basement, 33 by 41 inside, stone wall on three sides 20 inches thick, 8 feet high. Wooden wall around stables, on stone foundation. Floor of stables paved with cobble stone. Partitions between stables breast high. Two stout bents in passage to support middle sill of barn. H, horse stable; C, cow stable; P, passage; S, stairway to upper floor; O, oat bin; W, windows; D, doors; S, shed; P, P, stone pillars; R, root house, 18 inch wall 8 feet high, with sloping roof, stuffed with straw beneath. It will hold 50 loads of roots; H, outside hatch for filling.



BASEMENT.



UPPER FLOOR.

Upper story, 35 by 45. F, main floor; H, B, bays; D, doors; G, granary; S, stairway coming up under the girt, without cutting the floor; H, hatch for putting down straw. J. A. SMITH.

Paris, C. W., 1861.

MORE ABOUT ASSES.

THERE is no accounting for tastes—W. N. E. is opposed to *asses!* PLATO, and SOCRATES, and—and—and—Gen. WASHINGTON never railed against asses. W. N. E. does, and deliberately. School masters and moralists have been pestered a great deal with the "irreverence of the age," and here is W. N. E. making the matter a great sight worse!

Amid the rivalries of faction, the rise and fall of dynasties, the growth and decay of empires, and all the panoramic changes of our mortal life, the *ass* has held the even tenor of his way. The most conservative element in modern society, he has lived to be spoken against. To intensify the horror, it is W. N. E. that does it! Had I, an avowed agrarian, an innovator, who dare put all nature into a jumble, believing it would come out right—had I railed against asses, it would at least have been consistent; but for a man who gets up at eight and goes to bed at twelve, who pays over six and sixpence for his carpets, who holds his fork as though he was going to spear a fish, who buys fresh meat every day, and shaves and shirts himself nearly as often, who is found on *'change*, and don't saw his own wood,—for such a man to rail against asses is to make me fear that the ballast is overboard, and the ship of state adrift. Who, if not such, are to sound the alarm when radicalism and reform run riot with customs, creeds, and constitutions? The Supreme Court, the ancient families, the easily frightened, the men of leisure, EDWARD EVERETT, the admirers of DANIEL WEBSTER, who said he was "opposed at all times to all new schemes and projects,"—all these should eschew *steam* and *electricity*, and ride in solemn state upon asses, out of respect for "*immemorial usage.*"

Conscious that our best productions come from grafts upon old stocks, I look round now and then for something to build upon—I found the *ass*, picturesque, powerful, with many *stable* virtues. I was delighted:—all hearts could center on him—all interests harmonize in his progeny, the *mule*—a "compromise" between radical and conservative interests. W. N. E. "protests." With great adroitness he demands, "would H. T. B., clothed in all the 'panoply of war,' issue from his gates, mounted on his friend, the jackass, and jog along to the camp of the army?" W. N. E. knows very well that there is a prejudice against asses among military men, and the *ladies*, for whose edification military evolutions have chiefly taken place of late years, and now that the spirit of war is abroad in the land, he strives to enlist it in the crusade against *asses*. I beg to assure my friend that the *ass* would answer *my* military notions; for though I would be content to go very *moderately* into battle, I nevertheless protest against any intention to *run away*, and so do not see the need of a specially *fleet charger*. I fear, my dear friend, that your military philosophy is sadly at fault, and may seriously entrap you, for does not the psalmist say, with pathetic earnestness, "a *horse* is a vain thing for *safety*."

I have not enlisted under this ass banner without counting the cost. I knew I could not expect the sympathy of the ladies, which was half a defeat of itself. I have often heard that the rising generation were not well disposed to "*listen to the counsels of wisdom*," how could I expect that they would estimate *ears* at their true value? *Fashion*, which is "the higher law" of our age, evidently sets the other way; the race course, and the avenue, and the *fast* men and women are on the other side, and I was somewhat prepared to expect that we should prove a house divided against ourselves

I appeal to the politicians, and the farmers—to all, in short, who have big loads to carry and are not fastidious about means—to all who believe in economy—to all who tread on slippery places. In the spirit of "compromise" I will meet half way on the *mule*, and I pledge him to live forty years; to have fewer splints, coughs, and heaves by half; to eat less by a third; to reach sixteen hands if he gets the right start—and keeps on; to outwork all *oxen* in *hot weather* (just the time to kill the weeds on the fallow and among the corn) and not eat any more, (so what is the use of oxen?) to mature early, as well as live long; to go to California; to sell; to bring a third more than a colt of the same age at one or two years old; to be *borrowed* less by excellent people whom you would by no means refuse; to moderate the pride

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of youngsters when they ride out, and prevent that self consciousness which is so apparent when a fellow glories in being the *attaché* of a fine horse. Is W. N. E. satisfied? — H. T. B.

INDIAN CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It is strange, yet true, that we think very little of the greatest blessings we enjoy, because they are common, while we make a great ado about things that are of much less value, because they are rare or difficult to attain. Indian corn is the great American cereal, and it has done more for the improvement and enrichment of the land than all other grains. Hardly had the old and stately trees fallen before the ax of the hardy pioneer, before from among the stumps the corn sprang up, bearing its golden grain, furnishing the best of food, and in the greatest variety, for man, in Johnny cake, mush, Indian pudding, samp, &c., while it gave all that the patient ox, or the horse, required for its sustenance, and a little amusement for the children in the way of "*popping*." Without this glorious American grain, how could the hardy pioneers have sustained themselves, while felling the forest to let in upon our eastern shores the rays of the setting sun? In 1829 I happened to be in Europe; and this was about the time, I think, that COBBETT first took Indian corn to England, and strongly recommended its culture there, and especially in Ireland, as a substitute for the everlasting potato. At all events, there seemed to be nothing that attracted so much attention, and so much praise for beauty, as ears of our common yellow corn. Ears readily sold at fifty cents each, and were used as decorations for the parlor mantle-piece. But we see no beauty in it, because it is common, and very little value; while we can see wonderful symmetry, and beauty, and value in a great coarse, over-grown ruta-baga or mangel-wurzel, just because it is foreign, I suppose, and hard to make grow. I have no objections to treating all new advocates for public favor with fairness, but do not let farmers neglect their old and long-tried friends.

The season is so backward, (and in this section, in many places, the ground is even now unfit for the plow,) that I am afraid many farmers will think it so late that they will not plant their usual quantity of corn, but wait for buckwheat or turnips, or some other late crop. Now, I have never grown better crops than when I have been compelled to delay planting on account of a late season until the first of June, or even later. In such cases it will be well to select for seed, varieties that will mature early. Farmers, therefore, must not be discouraged, but plant corn, at least as much as usual, for although seasons are usually earlier than the present, we seldom have any good corn weather until the early part of June.

I hope not a few this season will try corn sown thickly in drills for fodder. For this purpose I like the Western white corn, but have used the sweet corn, and it may be as good and perhaps better, but I have made no experiments to satisfactorily test this matter. The only difficulty in raising a large amount of fodder in this manner, is in curing. It is apt to heat and spoil unless well cared for, but when well cured there is nothing better. OLD FARMER.

The Bee-Keeper.

Removing Old Combs.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have several old colonies of bees in the old-fashioned box hives, with drawers in the tops. The hives have been filled down to the table board with comb—which has become black and hard—for some years. Should that old comb be removed? If so, when, and how? An answer of experience is desired.—A. B. R., *Cambridge, Crawford Co., Pa.*, 1861.

THAT depends almost entirely on its condition, aside from its being "black and hard." We would not advise the removal of the comb, simply because it has become "black and hard." The too frequent renewal of the comb cannot be too strongly deprecated. The idea that old comb is unfit for breeding purposes, as it "reduces the size of the bees" and produces what are termed "dwarfs," is fallacious. We have two colonies twelve years old the coming season, without renewal of comb, and we challenge any person to detect, even with microscopic aid, any difference in the size of the bees in these and adjoining younger colonies, some of which are swarms of the previous season. There are, however, good philosophic reasons why combs should be sometimes changed, viz.: 1st. When there is an excess of honey, bee-bread, or honey and bee-bread. It must be evident to every candid, thinking mind, that when a hive is of proper size—about 2,000 cubic inches—and contains an excess of the above necessary ingredients, the breeding apartment must be too small for the wants of the queen, and hence while in this condition cannot be very prosperous and profitable. The breeding apartment of box hives,—in fact, of all kinds of hives, unless remedied by the bee-keeper,—frequently becomes so reduced in size from these causes, that it scarcely contains 15,000 empty cells and cells of brood. This is only about one-third the size it should be. *Proof:* It requires about 21 days to produce workers from the time the eggs are deposited. The queen, it is estimated, will deposit, provided she is young and prolific, and there is room, from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs per day, hence she would need at least 45,000 cells for breeding purposes. As soon as the maturing bees begin to emerge from their cells, the queen will return to that part of the breeding apartment, and commence to re-deposit eggs. These facts and this reasoning bring us to this very important conclusion: the breeding apartment of every hive in use, whether patented or unpatented, should be large enough to accommodate the laying of the queen for 21 days. Besides this, for the hive proper, due allowance must be made for necessary stores. These facts will enable any person to construct a hive, as to size, on scientific principles. 2d. Such combs, or portions of combs, should be removed as become mouldy or filled with matured dead bees. Mouldy comb is unfit for rearing bees. Sometimes matured dead bees are found occupying portions of comb. They are usually found with their heads toward the bases of the cells. Their death is almost invariably occasioned by starvation, frequently when the hive has sufficient stores, though inaccessible by the bees during protracted spells of cold winter weather. It is plain that no bees can be reared in cells thus filled with dead bees, until they are removed; the bees themselves will not remove them, therefore it is very important that the bee-keeper should.

The question that now arises, is, how can these facts be ascertained? In movable-comb hives they are very easily ascertained, but in common box-hives, such as Mr. Ross uses, it is extremely difficult. It is true the hives may be inverted, but what is the result? It is simply this: the combs may be gently pressed apart, and the operator may possibly get a correct idea respecting the condition of the combs for a few inches down, but the condition further down is mere "*guess work*," no true account can be given or obtained.

Now we would advise Mr. R. to get his bees into some kind of a hive that he may have perfect control of the contents, so that their actual condition may easily, at any and all times, be correctly ascertained. We would advise him to procure movable-comb hives, as many as will be needed, and put all of his swarms into them. Let the stock in box hives swarm once each, *only*. All after-swarms that may issue, should be returned to their parent stocks, that they may be strong or populous. This is done by depriving them of their queen within a few hours after swarming,—not later than twenty, and the sooner the better. They may be accompanied by two or more queens. If the swarms issue late in the day, they may be hived, and *early* the ensuing morning returned to their parent stocks. There will generally be but one queen to search for, as the extra queens have by this time been killed. It is some trouble to return after-swarms, but it *will pay*. In 21 or 22 days after the issue of the first swarms, the old stocks should be driven out into the movable-comb hives, and all suitable combs transferred to the frames. If you prefer not to transfer the combs to the frames because they are "black and hard," you may take one or two frames of comb containing brood and eggs, out of the hives of the first swarms, and put them into the hives into which the old stocks are driven or to be driven. This will induce the bees to stay, and not forsake the hives, as they sometimes do when managed in the ordinary way. I have transferred bees at all times during the warm season, but, all things considered, 21 days after the issue of the *first* swarm is the best time. This is the best time, by observing the directions above, to remove "black and hard" comb, that it may be renewed. Invert the hive and blow some tobacco smoke among the bees, to cause them to go down out of the way; then with a suitable knife, or instrument, sever the combs as far down as may be thought proper. The bees will then commence to rebuild the comb. If preferred, the bees may be driven out till the operation of pruning the combs is over, when they may be returned.

Were your bees in the movable-comb hive, you could open the hives the first warm days in the spring, take out the combs separately, and thoroughly inspect them. If some have an excess of stores, while others are nearly destitute, there could be an exchange made, mutually benefiting each other. The excess of stores could be given to such as are nearly destitute, and such could spare *empty* comb to be given to those having the excess of stores. When the honey season arrived, all combs "black and hard" could be easily taken out, and empty frames put in to fill the vacancy. Thus we may keep our combs new if desired, with very little trouble, for an indefinite length of time. All combs at the spring examination found to be mouldy, or filled with matured dead bees, or otherwise unfit for breeding purposes, may very easily be cut out, so that the defective portions may be renewed. Thus we may care for our bees in the movable-frame hives, as well as the farmer can care for his sheep.

The Rearing of Queens.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have read with much pleasure the suggestions of Mr. E. KIRBY, in the RURAL of May 11th, on the "production of queens and drones," and although I am not prepared to indorse the position he takes in reference thereto, yet think it quite probable that *right here* are some important matters to be yet taken from the field of *speculation*, and experimentally refuted or demonstrated.

Since the appearance of a former article of Mr. KIRBY, to which he refers, bearing in the same direction, my own attention has been called to at least a *seeming* discrepancy between the *theory* and *practice* of queen-raising by the bees from worker eggs. It has been hitherto stated, by European apiculturists, and accepted in this country, that the *drone* progeny of a queen is purely and wholly of the race from which the *queen* sprung, while the *workers* and *queens* are not hybrids, (or at least not for the most part) but are either of the one race or the other. My own observations do not lead me to wholly accept this, but rather that *both queens and workers, from a queen of our race by drones of the other*, are always a cross between the two. The bees, certainly, are all shades of color, from the brightest Italian, with three beautiful and well defined yellow bands, to the unmistakable black variety, differing only from the genuine, perhaps, in its more slender body and delicate form. The *queens*, also, seem to partake of the same peculiarities of color; even those reared of the most accepted purity! Is it not probable, then, that *none are absolutely pure?* and is it not also *possible*, as suggested by your correspondent, that the bees, rearing a queen from eggs laid by an Italian queen, in a hive and combs from which another race has but recently been removed, may take *some substance*, left there by the old tenants, giving talent and color to the progeny of the new occupants?

What precise substance is requisite to enable the bees to metamorphose a worker egg into a perfect queen, if any beyond what they are able to collect from the fields, it may not be so easy to determine; but to ascertain whether the semen of the drone is essential or not, I would suggest to Mr. KIRBY the following method:—Take a box four inches square on the inside, by two inches in thickness, with glass sides,—a miniature hive,—such as I use for rearing queens. In this place a *queen of the old race and bees of the other*, the queen purely impregnated, that is, of the same variety of herself, while by means of a narrow inlet all drones are entirely excluded. After the bees have filled this hive with comb and brood, remove the queen, while a watch is kept through the glass sides of the little box over the progress of the bees in supplying her loss. The smallness in numbers of our colony will enable us to see all that is going on, and if no failure results in rearing a queen, we may *conclude drones* are not essential, since none ever set foot upon the comb in our hive. But, it *may be* that *the bees* have carried with them the drone, or other product, from the parent hive; to determine which, we will now return the queen, and leave her till all bees of the black variety have disappeared, destroying regularly all drone larvæ, with the greatest care, when, on removing the queen, if the bees succeed in rearing a queen as before, shall we not have *demonstrated* that bees will rear queens from worker eggs without drones or their product? If other results ensue, of course we may arrive at a confirmation of an opposite theory.

I would suggest here, that there is *another* source of impurity in the rearing or impregnation of queens, not noticed by Mr. KIRBY, nor, so far as I know, by any other, which is, that in *every* swarm of bees, (not in possession of abundance of drones,) rearing queens, caused by removal of the reigning one, a *drone laying worker will be found!* I state this confidently, having seen no exceptions through almost numberless experiments. The bees seeming to realize the necessity for *drones* as well as *queens*, regularly set themselves about supplying both, often enlarging and destroying worker cells for their development. Hence, when we rear a queen by transfer of brood comb from an Italian hive to one of common bees, even though no egg from which a *queen* can be reared can possibly get there, it is quite possible many drones may emerge in time to *impregnate* the queen we thus rear. These drones of the black race being in the *same hive*, will be quite likely to take flight at the same time with the queen, and thus produce a cross in her progeny, when we had supposed it hardly possible our hives harbored a single black drone. M. METCALF.

Grand Rapids, May 20th, 1861.

Placing a New Swarm in an Old Hive.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Will you please to state, through your paper, if it will be safe to put a young swarm of bees into an old hive that is full of comb, as I have one in which the bees died this spring, and I don't know what to do with it? Also, please to tell me what office the drones perform.—W., *Jefferson Co.*, 1861.

The drones are the male bees. The comb in the old hive should be examined to ascertain if it is in proper condition. If not, it may destroy the new colony.

Robbing Bees.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—My bees trouble me in robbing each other. Please inform me, through your paper, how it may be stopped, or at least all the information within your reach upon the subject. I sprinkled flour upon the robbers, and found the hive that they came from and broke out a piece of their comb, with the hope that it might put a stop to their robbing, but to no effect.—BENJ. P. ALLEN, *Central Square, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Storing Butter in a Cellar.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* writes that "during several years of our first farming in Iowa, we found it extremely difficult to preserve sweet, for winter use, the butter that we made during the months of June, July and August. We finally adopted the following plan, by which we are successful:—We, with a few minutes' work, settled large stone jars into the cellar bottom—it being sandy and dry—by putting nearly the whole jars into the ground, and packing the sand close outside, and the butter inside, taking especial care to keep it well covered, first with a thin cloth, then a thin layer of salt, and then a board with a weight on it, to prevent its being uncovered by accident. Last season we took an oak butter-firkin that would hold one hundred pounds, and painted it well outside, and inserted it in the ground beside the jars, and filled it with butter, which kept as sweet as we could desire. Persons who have a dry cellar, I think, will be amply compensated for their trouble by this process."

Pasture Lands.

OF all the land composing a farm, says the *Maine Farmer*, the pasture needs manure the most, for it is from that the stock must draw their principal support. If dry and sandy, spread on muck and leached ashes and old, half rotten straw, late in the fall. The snow will prevent its evaporating, and the winter rains will wash it into the earth. Carry out all the manure that has been made during the summer and fall, and spread it so that it will become incorporated with the surface earth during the winter. Apply bone dust, and all other substances that can form bone earth. If the pastures have been exhausted by wool-growing, renovate with plaster, thus restoring the sulphur which has been drawn from the earth; for in every one hundred pounds of wool there are five pounds of sulphur. But on no account allow it to be said that any part of your farm is "an old and worn-out pasture." That is equivalent to acknowledging that you are a lazy, shiftless fellow, incapable of appreciating the blessings of heaven—and dishonest in refusing to pay the rent required by God for the use of his land.

Feeding the Farm Horse.

W. G. CAMPBELL, of Garrard county, Ky., in the *Louisville Journal*, makes the following observations on the feeding of farm horses:—"In ascertaining the most economical mode of feeding the farm horse, we will premise that that food which is procured with the smallest amount of labor and capital, and adds most to the strength, health and condition of the horse, is the most economical. If the horse be kept in actual service and labor, cut oats and corn in the cob, with hay, constitute a cheap, healthy, and strengthening food, and I have no doubt is the most economical method of feeding ordinarily. Oats should always be cut up—cut for the horse to the band, and you will leave a portion in fine condition to be fed to cattle. Three bundles thus cut constitute a good feed, with eight ears of corn, and hay; and if hay is not convenient, by letting the horse run out at night and pick grass, or such rough fodder as is fed to cattle, he will keep in fine flesh and extra condition. The low price of horse feed would not pay for labor bestowed upon it, unless it be in time of great scarcity of food. The food of horses, however, should be varied, so as to prevent cloying, but oats are extremely agreeable to the horse, and he rarely, if ever, cloys upon them. Cut straw of oats, wheat, or rye, made wet, and rye meal mixed with it by pouring in the meal and constantly stirring the straw, makes a fine feed as an alterative, but should not be fed freely to any breeding animal. Such feed acts finely upon the bowels and skin, and may be used to advantage in all cases of costiveness. But one of the most palatable and healthy feeds for the horse, especially if he be failing in his appetite, is a small quantity of shelled oats, say a quart for a horse in delicate health, or a gallon for a horse inclined to costive habits, placed in a pail, with warm water poured over them, (or it may be boiling,) and suffered to stand and absorb the water, and give when cool. Take care to pour on only so much water as to wet the oats moderately. Any horse that will eat at all will eat it. Its action upon the bowels will be fine, which will be told by the sleek and healthy appearance of the hair."

Hints About Shearing Sheep.

JOHN PENSSAY, in the *Ohio Farmer*, gives the following practical hints relative to shearing sheep, which at this time are very seasonable:

"Shearing sheep is an operation very few know how to perform well. There are several reasons for this. It seems useless to many to take pains to learn to do well. It has to be done but once a year, and the interval is so long, that what they learn this year will be forgotten next, as it is got through with as soon as possible. This should not be; shearing should be considered as much a trade, and as well learned, as the carpenter trade. It is often the case, when boys begin to shear, the father forgets the old but sensible couplet:

'Neither wise men nor fools
Can work without good tools.'

The boy must take the old shears, used for tagging three or four years, with the assurance that he must use them till he knows how to take care of a new pair. In seven cases out of ten, this course so discourages the boy that his desire to learn to shear ceases. Another reason for bad shearing is this:—When farmers hire their shearing done, they want too much done in a day, forgetting that wool is money, as well as time. The employer pays the shearer $1.50 per day; he wants him to shear from forty to fifty sheep. He is pleased at night to know that he has got so much done, and that the shearer has earned his money. He forgets that he has lost enough in wool left on the sheep, to pay for the day's work. Suppose he shears forty sheep, and leaves two ounces of wool on each of them, (which is often the case,) which taken off would amount to $1.50. Much of the work that is laid to rats, might be avoided if farmers would tell their shearers to do their work well, if they did not do so much.

"I have sheared from one to five hundred sheep each season for ten years, and like the business so well that I always long for shearing time to come. I will give a few hints needed to make good shearing.

"The operator must have a good pair of shears. He must know how to keep them in order, for it is very certain that a dull tool makes poor work. Good, sharp, bright shears, not too sharp pointed, will run smooth. The spring should not be so limber as to double over the wool, nor so stiff as to make the wrist lame. With skill, a steady nerve, and even temper, it can be made to do good work. There are various opinions in regard to position. Some shear on the floor, others use a bench. Good work may be done either way; I prefer using a bench. In all cases, the operator should hold the sheep in the easiest possible position, and keep the skin tight, so as to make a smooth surface to prevent cutting the skin, causing the sheep to kick, or tear the fleece, and so exert their strength as to injure them, and sometimes to cause death. This can, and ought to be avoided."

Inquiries and Answers.

TO DESTROY MOLES.—Will some one of your patrons tell me how to destroy the ground mole? They are taking my corn, doing their work under the hills. They are very destructive, and it is getting too late in the season to replant. —M. W. M., *South Bend, Ind.*, 1861.

WOLF TEETH IN HORSES.—I have a two-year old colt, and some two or three weeks since I noticed that its right eye was considerably inflamed, and his sight impaired. Upon examining its mouth, I found it had "wolf teeth." The right tooth I succeeded in extracting with the forceps, but the colt becoming unmanageable, and not having sufficient help at hand, I did not get his left tooth out until a few days ago, the eye steadily growing worse, and I fear the colt will lose the sight of that eye entirely. There appears to be a difference of opinion among my neighbors in regard to wolf teeth affecting the eyes. What are your views; and can you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me how I can cure the eye, and save the sight of my colt?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER, *Union, Broome Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

QUERIES FOR DAIRYMEN AND STOCK GROWERS.—Having received your valuable RURAL, and finding it open for questions, is my excuse for asking the following:—It is stated here by some of our best dairymen, and those that are acquainted with keeping stock, that dry oats form the best feed for milch cows before they come in. I should like to have your opinion, also that of Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, as well as other readers of the RURAL. And again, if this is the best feed for cows before coming in, why is it hurtful for ewes that are with lamb? We have a flock of sheep which we have fed oats through the winter until March, then we changed their feed to potatoes and meal. If oats are best, I don't wish to change the feed. If Mr. JOHNSTON, yourself, as well as others, will give me your opinion on this, through the columns of your paper, you will oblige—PHILIP U. LAWRENCE, *Spring Mills, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

THE GARGET.—Having a cow with an obstruction at the neck of her teat, in the inside, which is about the size of a rifle ball, and which prevents the free flow of the milk in that direction, will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, inform me how to remove said obstruction, and very much oblige—DAVID LAWSON, *Cassville*, 1861.

Every spring we have a large number of inquiries like unto the foregoing, and as the period is now at hand when they begin to flow in upon us, we give the modes of treatment at some length.

In the early stages, the most effectual remedy is to place the calf with the mother, that it may suck and knock about the udder at pleasure. Relief, in most cases, soon follows. Should the inflammation continue, or the bag be so tender that the cow will not permit the calf to suck, and, especially, should the fever increase and the cow refuse to eat, or cease to ruminate, and the milk become discolored, and mixed with matter and blood, then the case must receive immediate attention. YOUATT recommends bleeding, a dose of physic administered, the udder well fomented, the milk drawn gently but completely off, at least twice in each day, and an ointment, composed of the following ingredients, as thoroughly rubbed into the bag as the cow will permit:—Soft soap, one pound; mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, rubbed down with a little spirit of wine, one ounce—rub well together. Apply after every milking, the udder being well fomented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking. If the foregoing fails to speedily remove the disease, *iodine* must be resorted to. The mode of application is external, in the form of an ointment, (one part of the hydriodate of potash being incorporated with seven parts of lard,) one or two drachms (about the size of a filbert,) of which should be rubbed into the diseased portion of the udder morning and night. Doses of the hydriodate may daily be given internally, with a little gruel, gradually increasing from six to twelve grains. During the process, the udder must be closely watched, as matter will begin to form, and it should be speedily removed. If suffered to work its own way to the surface, large, irregular ulcers, difficult to heal, will be formed. Whenever there is appearance of suppuration, the diseased part should be freely and deeply lanced. While the disease is in progress, the bowels should be kept open, and for this purpose take half doses of the following:—Epsom salts, one pound; powdered caraway seeds, half an ounce. Dissolve in a quart of warm gruel. A fever drink, composed of emetic tartar, one drachm; powdered digitalis, half a drachm; niter, three drachms—mix, and give in a quart of tolerably thick gruel. A drink more decidedly diuretic is made of powdered niter, one ounce; powdered resin, two ounces; ginger, two drachms—mix well together in a little molasses, and give in warm gruel. This latter drink it will be well to continue for two or three weeks after all bloody discharges have ceased.

The treatment recommended by Dr. DADD is to perseveringly foment the teats, or quarters, that have become hot and tender, with an infusion of elder or camomile flowers, at the same time drawing, in the most gentle manner, a small quantity of milk. He then gives an aperient—one pint of linseed oil and the yolks of two eggs, *or* one pint of sweet oil and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper—and keeps the animal on light diet. If there is danger of matter forming, rub the bag with equal parts of goose oil and hot drops. If the parts are exceedingly painful, a wash of weak lye, or wood ashes, or sal soda, is recommended. If necessity compels the use of the lancet, after the matter is evacuated, the part is washed clean, and a stimulating liniment applied.

HORN DISTEMPER.—I saw, in the RURAL of May 11th, a remedy for hollow horn, and, as the writer says, it seems barbarous. Here is a sure cure, and not at all barbarous. Take about a gill of tar, put in a large tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, heat it hot, then put in a large tablespoonful of sulphur. Spread a plaster on some close, thick cloth or linen, and bind about the horn, close to the head, then put some of it, hot, in the hollow on top of the head. If, in 24 hours, it does not help the beast, repeat the operation, but once is generally sufficient.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Paris, C. W.*

"INQUIRER" can obtain Vetch seed to West Farnham, C. E., from G. B. MARVIN, at the rate of 00 cents per minot,—equal to one and one-fourth bushels, New York measurement. Barrels or bags extra. The seed can be forwarded from the point designated to any desired place.

Rural Notes and Items.

JUNE—*Weather, Crops, Work.*—The first of June was very summer-like—the warmest day of the present season. A trip by rail through portions of Ontario, Seneca, Cayuga, and Onondaga counties, on that bright and balmy June-opener, afforded us much pleasure. Earth, air, and sky abundantly testified that the promised seed time had been vouchsafed, while there were encouraging indications of a not unprofitable harvest. Backward as was, and is, the season, the crop prospects are better than many anticipated. Wheat has improved greatly, and an average yield is expected by farmers with whom we have recently conversed. Spring crops are generally planted and "up." Farmers consequently "breathe freer," and begin to realize (what most other classes know) that theirs is the most safe and independent occupation, especially in war times. But they have work to do, and it is pressing now—the unfavorable weather of spring, and scarcity of field hands in many localities, rendering it necessary to perform much of the ordinary May labor in June. We fear much work will be done too hastily—that many, in endeavoring to plant and cultivate "one acre more," will produce less than by confining their efforts to a small area. Good culture and the liberal use of manures and fertilizers on a few acres, will pay better than the hap-hazard, hasty manner in which many spread their labor over a large surface. Yet perhaps many a farmer can advantageously add an acre or two to his ordinary crops. Having made provision for the leading crops, if you have space and time, try an acre or two of beans; they will pay well this year, though it is said some of the soldiers *know beans too well*. A patch devoted to a soiling crop will not be amiss—say corn, millet or sorghum. Either can be planted in drills, or sown broadcast, any time this month—though the earlier the better in most localities. Later, turnips and buckwheat can receive attention. The former are grown cheaply, and yield abundantly, while the product of a patch of the latter will be acceptable in the home "kitchen cabinet" next winter. But of these and other items our readers have their own opinions, and will act according to their judgment and circumstances.

THE BEST MACHINES WANTED.—So many field hands have volunteered for the War that labor saving machines are apparently in greater demand than usual this season. Many are asking about reapers and mowers—as to which patent is the best, &c. The inquiries concerning combined machines are most numerous. We cannot assume the responsibility of saying which particular machine of its class is preferable. The best practical farmers, and most astute judges at fairs and trials of implements, so frequently disagree on points of merit that we may well be excused from passing judgment. Indeed, in conversing with farmers who use machines, we find a great variety of opinions—about as many as there are kinds of machines used, for, as a general thing, each man prefers the machine which he owns and knows how to operate. Hence we consider the question, as to which is superior, a mooted one. It is about as difficult to decide satisfactorily to community as that of the transmutation of grain—whether wheat turns to chess, for instance. The leading machines are now so perfected that their merits are nearly equal, requiring very nice discrimination to decide as to the superiority of this or that patent. Those wishing to purchase should rely mainly upon their own judgment and the opinion and experience of practical farmers.

—Several good reapers and mowers—as well as other machines and implements of the most improved style and manufacture—are (or have recently been) advertised in the RURAL. As such articles pay judicious farmers (such as read this paper) we direct particular attention to the announcements of manufacturers and dealers which appear from time to time in our advertising department.

COMMON SALT—*A New Locality, Saginaw.*—A sample of common Salt from Saginaw City, on Saginaw Bay, Mich., was sometime since received, manufactured by a friend there. The salt is in small, white, fine crystals, and does not absorb moisture from the air, and turn to brine. This deliquescent property of some of our common salt, is not only an inconvenience and loss, but is owing to a substance, chloride of calcium, which is a real impurity and great injury. As this specimen was formed by merely evaporating the water from the spring, nothing being added to the brine, the spring must afford very pure salt. It is said that the analysis of the water from the spring, by Dr. CHILTON, of New York, testifies to its great purity, a greater purity than that from Syracuse. Sulphate of lime (gypsum) is a common impurity in common salt, being from 5 to 6 per cent. by solar evaporation, and by boiling, from 10 to 20 per cent., and even 1½ per cent. in Cheshire (English) salt. It is not said whether the sample above contains any gypsum. It is to be hoped that abundance of good brine, and fine facilities for the produce of the best salt, will be found to this locality.

PREMIUM CHEESE—*How Made.*—The Winfield Union Ag. Society awarded the first premium on cheese to D. & A. WOOD, of Plainfield, Otsego Co., whose statement is substantially this:—"That they are making cheese from twenty-two cows; cows wintered mostly on hay; fed straw once a day for about one month; would not feed much straw without grain with it; most of the cows came in in March—balance in April. After the cows came in, fed them each three quarts of oatmeal a day, until the middle of May; since then, coarse shorts, two lbs. a day, to each cow; think it pays to feed through the summer, have not fed sowed corn this fall; think it pays well when feed is short, the best way to sow corn is in drills. We use a tin vat for making cheese; have running water round it, but do not let the water run through the night, unless the weather is very warm; heat our milk by steam; set the milk from 86° to 88°; scalded, from 100° to 110°; salt, in spring, one lb. of salt to 50 lbs. cheese; to keep through summer, one lb. of salt to 35 lbs. of cheese; quantity made to 1st October, 6,600."

BEST DEPTH FOR SETTING MILK.—A correspondent of *The Homestead* relates the following experiment:—"On the 8th of April we set two pans of milk, weighing forty-seven pounds two ounces, in two tin pails ten inches deep. The next day we set the same quantity of milk from the same cows two inches deep in pans. These were placed on the same shelf with the first, and of course in the same temperature, which was near 60°. In four days the first milk was sour and skimmed, yielding three pounds two ounces of cream, which, being allowed to stand one day, made one pound eight ounces of butter. The other milk, standing the same length of time, yielded four pounds eight ounces of cream, making two pounds one ounce of butter—a difference of nine ounces in favor of setting the milk shallow. This is a gain of 37½ per cent. over the depth of ten inches."

CHOICE OF DAIRY COWS.—A Delaware county premium dairyman thus sums up the result of his experience and observation on this subject:—"If a man wishes to buy a dairy of cows for beauty, with a handsome red color, nice horns, and of a trim, sprightly appearance, let him go to the Devons. If he wants to get those of large size, good consumers, such as will make the most beef when he has done milking them, let him go to the Durhams or Herefords; but if he wishes to buy a *profitable cow for the dairy*, he will quite as likely find it among the Ayrshires, or among the common stock of the country, as anywhere."

THE ARMY WORM is making sad havoc in the West and Southwest. Letters from Southern Illinois complain of its ravages; and our Kentucky and Tennessee exchanges say the worm is proving very destructive, especially to the wheat. The best remedy is said to be to make trenches, as deep as it is practicable to plow them, as this stops the progress of the worm. Many farmers run deep furrows around their grass, corn, and wheat crops, the land side toward the field. It is best to use a sharp coulter, in order to present a smooth, unbroken wall to the enemy. As the worms are unable to surmount this, their progress and depredations are measurably checked.

PREMIUMS ON FARMS.—The Journal of the State Ag. Society calls attention to the fact that persons intending to compete on farms, the present year, should have them entered by the 1st *of July*, that a committee, which will be appointed, may have time to visit and examine the farms. We hope Western New York will be well represented in the competition, and successful to the result.

HORTICULTURAL.

ORDER IN THE GARDEN.

ORDER is as necessary in the garden as in the house or the office. There should be a place for everything and everything should be in its proper place. The neglect of this rule causes a good deal of trouble to many who really love the garden and give it a good deal of their thoughts and time. It is most severely felt perhaps by those who have small gardens and desire to have a great variety of flowers. Where everything is mixed up the result cannot be satisfactory, while the labor of keeping such a place in tolerable order is enormous. In some places we observe crocuses, tulips, white lilies, herbaceous plants and shrubs, mixed up, in rare confusion, while a label here and there denotes that a few seeds of annuals have been sown for autumn flowers. Rather than take care of such a garden, we would dig all up in the Autumn and start anew. Every class of flowers should have its bed or place in the border, and when it has passed its season of bloom, its place can be supplied by others, and thus a succession may be secured during the whole season. The beds occupied by the crocus, the hyacinth, and other bulbs, can be filled with plants of annuals from the hot-bed or seed-bed, or with the verbena and other bedding plants. The shrubs, roses, &c., should be planted in groups, allowing space enough for their proper development, and yet sufficiently close to cover the whole ground.

This plan is very convenient, as it allows a change every year or two, so that the same plants are not grown in the same soil for a number of years, a course which causes many things to "run out." It also allows the necessary enrichment or change of soil, which cannot be done when everything is scattered around in promiscuous confusion.

A small garden in the city, somewhat shaded, as such gardens usually are, becomes, after a few years, humid, heavy, and pasty, and flowers refuse to grow with their former vigor. The owner is often troubled to know the cause of the difficulty, and sometimes becomes discouraged, and allows all to go to grass or weeds. Now, the way to improve such a soil is not by giving well-rotted manure, although this is the usual remedy, but by removing the old surface soil, and replacing it by some fresh loam from the woods, at the same time mixing a little lime with the old earth that is left, before adding the new. A bed or a portion of the border may be improved in this way every year, without much cost or labor. But, if this is considered too expensive, give a heavy dressing of fresh lime in the autumn, and work it in with the soil. Work it over again in the spring before planting, and it will give new life to the ground. A lady recently applied to us for aid, whose garden was in the situation described, and we suggested this course, but it could not be done, for shrubs and tulips, and crocuses and white lilies, and herbaceous plants were scattered over the whole ground, and no improvement could be made without an entire change in the disorder of things. We hope our readers will regard these few hints, and bring order out of confusion as soon as possible.

GROWING TOMATOES.

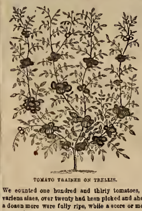
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — Don't you know men are very slow to learn what is for his good. It seems sometimes that it takes an age to learn what ought to be learned in a day. When I was young, tomatoes were grown as ornamental plants, and the fruit picked for mantel ornaments. Then they began to be used for garnishing dishes, and their bright color produced a very pretty effect in connection with parsley. The Tomato, or Love-Apple, as it was then called, became so popular for this purpose that the gardener was required to have them on hand as much as possible. After a time somebody was foolish enough to think they were good to eat, and now we have no summer vegetable for which there is a greater demand, and none more healthful and agreeable. It took us a long time to learn this, and now there are a few facts about its culture which many may still learn to their profit.

The Tomato, I believe, is a native of South America, being introduced into Europe about 260 years ago, and therefore is natural to a warm climate. Those who wish to grow them fine should plant in a warm, sandy soil, not too rich, and in a warm situation. If the ground is too rich a large and late growth of vine and fruit is obtained, but the ripening process is delayed until quite late in the fall, and this is particularly the case if the soil is cold and moist. For a few early tomatoes select the poorest soil you have, and the plants will make a small growth, and set and ripen their fruit very early. For a later crop the plants can be set at the same time in a little richer soil, and so on; a succession can be kept up for any length of time, or at least until frost. When frost is expected, say in October, pull up the late vines by the roots and hang them up in a store or seed-room, — any place where they will not be injured by the frosts of October and November, — and all the tolerably well matured green fruit will ripen, so that you can have ripe tomatoes until about Christmas without any trouble.

Any plant that is patient under ill treatment is sure to be abused, and this is the case with the tomato. Whoever thinks of training it, or giving the least amount of care. And yet it will well repay much care. A very good way to treat tomatoes is to cover the earth with cut grass for a mulching, and then lay the branches out evenly upon it, removing such as will cause crowding. No plant will bear pruning better than the tomato, and in this way they will ripen well, but a tomato trained to a trellis or a fence, and pruned of the surplus of side branches, will grow nearly as large as a grape vine, and give a bushel of ripe fruit. "Once upon a time," as the old stories say, and only once was I compelled by circumstances to live in a city during a summer, without a garden, without trees, plants or flowers, or any of those beautiful things which a kind Creator has made for our enjoyment, and I doubt whether some people would take as unkindly to life in State Prison as I did to life in a city. I had only space enough on the sunny side of the house for a vine, but no vine grew there. So I had to provide something, and I thought of the beautiful *Morning Glory*, and that superb running vine the *Cobea scandens*, and while I was thinking of the matter with reference to a choice, an old friend, whose place I visited for the purpose of breathing a little pure air, and feasting my eyes with a sight of nature in her beauty, inquired if I had not room for a few tomato plants. My mind was made up in a moment. I would take two, and one of them, the one that proved most thrifty, should have a place on the only sunny spot on my house. I took them home; both grew; the best was saved, and pruned and trained, until it covered a space about ten feet square, and bore about two hundred tomatoes, at least three-fourths of which ripened well. Sometimes twenty or thirty fully ripe fruits were on the vine at one time, making a very pretty appearance. I am a little proud of this, as I think it was never excelled. But, Mr. Editor, you know all about it, for you will recollect I called your attention to it at the time, which was in the summer of 1858. I think long experience has taught me how to grow the tomato in perfection, and I am willing to impart all the knowledge I possess for the benefit of the lovers of fruits and flowers. OLD GARDENER.

WELL do we remember that well trained tomato of which we took a drawing, and made the following notes: — "A tomato plant can be made a very beautiful object. Of this fact we have before us the best of evidence. Taste will show itself in some way, and we have seen the old gardener, or the lady with a love of flowers, when confined to the city by uncontrollable circumstances, raise in a flower-pot, or even a broken tea-pot, flowers that would not disgrace the most costly conservatory.

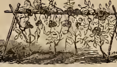
The gentleman that raised this plant is confined to a small city lot shaded by old trees — a most unforbidding place for growing an object worthy of notice, and yet he has succeeded with the unpretending tomato in growing a plant so beautiful that it has been viewed with astonishment and delight by hundreds. Indeed, great has been the demand for seed of this *new* variety. But alas! in the hands of the careless and unskillful it will be only the poor, old trailing plant, covered with tomatoes that will never ripen, and the few that do ripen coated with dirt. We have had our artist take an engraving of this plant, which we present to our readers as a model.



TOMATO TRAINED ON TRELLIS.

We counted one hundred and thirty tomatoes, of various sizes, over twenty had been picked and about a dozen more were fully ripe, while a score or more were coloring. The plant covers a space ten feet in height and about nine in width."

Our very tasteful friend, H. N. LANGWORTHY, always always does every in the garden well, and now that the subject of training tomatoes is under consideration, and perhaps the only time it may be in order for a year, we will mention the plan pursued by Mr. L., which is very easy and simple, keeps the fruit from the ground, and exposes it to the sun and air, thus securing early ripening.



TOMATO SUPPORTED BY STAKES.

It is simply four forked stakes, less than three feet long, driven into the ground. Across these are laid two round poles. These poles run parallel, and are about eighteen inches apart, and of course the stakes are driven so as to accommodate the length of the poles. Between the poles the tomatoes are planted, and supported by a stake until they reach the poles, when the branches are laid over them, in the manner shown in the engraving.

A GOOD RHUBARB.

JOHN SAUL, of Washington, after very justly condemning, in the Gardener's Monthly, the little attention we pay to the *quality* of Rhubarb, as is evidenced by the popularity of some large, coarse and worthless varieties, makes the following interesting remarks: "Rhubarb may be divided into two classes, large (originated from R. palmatum,) and small, of which an old variety called Bock's may be taken as the type; and to this latter class the richest and most valuable sorts in cultivation belong, varieties having much less of the medicinal plant about them than the others. The following qualities I should consider necessary to a good rhubarb. First, a stalk free from filament, requiring no stripping when preparing for use; second, a bright scarlet color, not only on the exterior of the stalk, but through its substance, — this gives a rich color to its syrup in whatever way it is prepared, which my lady readers can appreciate; third, the syrup should be rich saccharine, and as free as possible from the taste of the Medicinal plant; fourth, the stalks should be nearly round, solid, not flat, and produced abundantly. Now, all these qualities belong to the finer seedlings, descendants of Bucks. Earliness I have not set down as one of my qualities; for, as in fruits, the rhubarb may be extended over a considerable season. In addition to Victoria and Linnæus, which I recommend to all wishing large varieties, I would name the following, every one of which are superior:

Emperor (Waite's.) — In the way of Victoria; larger, richer, and less filament in the stalks; a very desirable variety.

Hacke's Champagne. — The stalks are of a deep blood-red, rich, free from filament. Its defect is a want of productiveness and vigor suitable to the garden of the amateur. Type of Bucks.

McLean's Early. — One of the earliest, very productive, stalks of a rich scarlet, nearly round, free from filament, and exceedingly rich; a very fine early variety. Type of Bucks.

Mitchell's Prince Albert. — Has now been some years before the public; in England it is extensively grown, but in this country not so much, size being against it. Market-gardeners, on trial, will here find it quite as profitable as the larger kinds, being one of the very earliest, very productive; cannot only be gathered earlier, but will continue longer than the larger sorts, and the yield per acre will be heavier; stalks deep scarlet, free from filament, round, firm, giving an exceedingly rich syrup. Type of Bucks.

Mitchell's Gray Eagle. — This belongs to the large class; not so deep in color as the offspring of Bucks; has a large, thick stalk; free from filament, exceedingly rich and mild; free from the medicinal taste of many larger sorts, and productive. Every person who grows a large rhubarb, should cultivate this; I consider it one of the finest.

Randell's Early Prolific. — Intermediate between the classes this will be found; stalks are of good size, well colored, free from fibre, rich flavor, very early and productive.

Salt's Crimson Perfection. — This comparatively new variety promises well; as the name implies, the stalks are of a rich crimson, free from filament, round, rich, and mild; very productive and early. Type of Bucks.

Turner's Scarlet Nonpariel. — Stalks bright scarlet, free from filament, round, very productive, flavor rich and mild. Type of Bucks."

FRUIT FAILURE IN NORTHERN N. Y.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — The day being wet, my spring work nearly straightened up, and my books posted, I did not see anything better to employ a leisure hour than to give you a short account of our prospects of a fruit crop this summer. Our peach trees have suffered the most. All last year's wood killed, and some of the older trees are worthless. I have not seen a peach bloom for three years. Currants have a few bunches, and those mostly in sheltered situations and where the snow covered the branches. In twenty years' experience in this neighborhood, I never knew the currant to fail before. Cherries, both bloom and leaf buds killed, and the trees look as if dead, but they are pushing out new shoots, and will likely recover, although much injured. Plum trees, bloom and leaf buds all killed, and old trees much injured, while young trees have not suffered much, except being kept back, the roots being uninjured.

Pear trees — some varieties are blooming well, viz: Gansel's Bergamot, Winter Nelis, and a few others. We will have no Bartletts, Flemish Beauty, or Beurre Diel, and but a few Seckels. Quinces all killed, except what were covered with snow. Grape vines are nearly all killed except those that were covered. I cover every year, and I find it pays in the end. Strawberries and Raspberries promise an abundant crop. Gooseberries about one-fourth of a crop. I send you a few flowers of a new honeysuckle I imported a few years since, *Lonicera grandiflora.* It looks beautiful as a single shrub on a lawn, when nicely trimmed. I presume your Nurserymen have got it. The day has cleared up and I must resume my necessary employment. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., June 3, 1861.

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A NEW GRAPE. — Mr. John Cook, of Philadelphia, sends us an account of a large grape exhibited by him at the Agricultural Fair at West Philadelphia, and which, from its immense size, excited some attention.

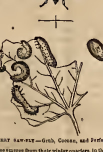
The plant was found accidentally on a sidewalk in Philadelphia, by a friend of Mr. Cook. Its habit resembles Isabella, but the fruit is as large as Black Hamburg, and the bunches weigh from one to one and three-quarters pounds. Some judges have pronounced it Christie's Isabella, and others Union Village; but Mr. Cook gives some very good reasons for considering that it is a very different grape. If found distinct from all others, it may prove a good addition.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE CURRANT WORM — Large numbers of small, green worms, have lately appeared on my currant and gooseberry bushes, making great havoc with the foliage. What is their name and origin? How can their advent be prevented? How, when they have come, can their ravages be arrested? — A SUBSCRIBER, *Canandaigua, N. Y.*, 1861.

That "small, green worm," is an old acquaintance of ours. We have been fighting him for several years, and with very little success. He is a foreigner, doubtless imported from Europe with currant or gooseberry plants, but is more at home here, and thrives better than in his native land. We would give a good deal, could we answer satisfactorily the two last questions.

It is no doubt the same as the Gooseberry Saw Fly of Europe. In England it destroys, we believe, only the leaves of the gooseberry, but in this country, where gooseberries are scarce, they commence at the few gooseberries that may be within their reach, and then attack the currants, seldom leaving while a leaf remains. Their spread would no doubt be checked, if every one, on its first appearance, would make a diligent effort for this purpose; but where it becomes numerous, it is, to say the least, very difficult to save the plants from destruction. They commence their ravages soon after the young leaves appear, and as a new brood of insects appears every two or three weeks, the cultivator generally becomes discouraged, and retires from the contest.



GOOSEBERRY SAW-FLY — Grub, Cocoon, and Perfect Insect.

The flies emerge from their winter quarters, in the ground, the latter part of April, or early in May, and soon after the female begins to deposit her eggs on the under side of the newly expanded leaves, choosing the sides of the veins or nervures as a fitting place. With the saw-like appendage for which the family is remarkable, the female commences cutting into the leaves, and in the opening deposits her eggs. The larva is hatched in about a week, and commences feeding on the leaf, increasing in size and frequently changing its skin, till it is about three-quarters of an inch in length.

The broods of caterpillars appear in succession occasionally from March till October, but in greatest numbers in June. After becoming full grown, the grubs descend to the earth, spinning themselves a yellowish cocoon, and in two or three weeks, according to the warmth of the soil, come out again perfect insects or flies, ready to lay another brood of eggs. Thus a perfect succession is kept up as long as there are leaves to supply them with food. Those that descend late in the season, when the ground is cold, do not come out perfect insects until the following spring.

It would be easy enough to destroy one crop of worms, but when the work of destruction must be kept up the whole season, it is no small job. A strong soap-suds of soft soap will destroy the insects, but it must be about strong enough to kill the leaves before it will injure the insects. Picking them off and killing them is sure, and sure to try the patience. Sowing powdered lime over the plants, when wet with dew or rain, checks them a little, but must be persevered in to accomplish much good. The best way we have tried, is to remove the soil under the plants to the depth of three or four inches, and bury it in pits three feet deep, replacing the soil taken from under the plants by that from the pit. It is stated that a heavy mulching of tanbark, placed under the plants in the autumn, and dug under in the spring, will prove effectual in destroying the insects in the soil before they emerge. This we have never tried. Water heated to 140°, and applied by the syringe or garden engine, will kill the grub without injury to the leaves. This we know to be good, but it must be applied thoroughly. Only those will be killed which are touched with the water, and as many are under the leaves, a thorough syringing, two or three times, is necessary.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES. — You will please publish, in the RURAL, what you consider the best recipe for preserving strawberries; and also how they should be managed to be kept in cans or bottles. — G. F., *Morris, Grundy Co., Ill.*

Strawberries require more heating to preserve them than any other fruit we have put up, and more sugar. If only scalded, or just brought to a boiling point, like other fruit, they will not spoil, but lose their color, and look, when they come upon the table, as though they had been soaked in water, and quite deficient in flavor. After some trials, we found that, when slowly boiled for about five minutes, with, say about a quarter of a pound of sugar to the quart, if well sealed, they preserved both color and flavor, without the slightest change after being put up. Last year we preserved two bushels, and now have them in perfection, and not a bottle injured. Those who have been selling glass jars the past two years, have furnished miserable corks, entirely unfit for the purpose, being full of large holes. See that every cork is good before you purchase jars, and reject all old corks that are not perfect.

LIMA BEANS. — Will "T. H." tell us how those "delicious Lima beans," that he spoke of, were cooked? I, too, have eaten them that *were* delicious, but I must confess to my inability to make them so, in spite of several recipes pronounced *excellent.* — J. W. D., *Webster*, 1861.

We did not know there was any art about cooking Lima beans. Though possessed of no particular knowledge of the process, we think they are simply shelled, boiled, and then served up with butter and seasoning.

Horticultural Notes.

THE CURCULIO, &c. — "There are some things I do know, and some things I do not know." I know what will prevent the curculio from destroying plums and cherries, which intelligence may interest some of your numerous readers. About the time the blossoms commence falling off, and the young fruit begins to show itself, I throw into the tops of the trees air-slaked lime, about one pint to each tree, when there is no air stirring, or wet on the leaves. This should be repeated once in a week or ten days, and always after a shower has washed off the lime. I have done so for the last two years, until the fruit became full size, and my trees have been loaded with ripe fruit; but, for years before, I had not a plum — all would fall off before they were ripe. And there is another thing "I do know." I know of many things that will prevent the destruction of seed corn by vermin while in the ground, and of the blade below the surface. But what "I do not know," is what will prevent the cut worm from eating off the blade after it comes up, which has destroyed many entire fields of corn in this part of Michigan. Any intelligence in relation to this subject, through your paper, would be thankfully received by many farmers in this vicinity. — A. COLLINS, *Union City, Mich.*, 1861.

We are glad our correspondent has been successful with lime in heading the curculio, but we know many who have failed with this and all other applications of lime, ashes, &c., to the leaves and fruit. Here, for the past two years, the curculio has been less troublesome than formerly, and we have known good crops from trees that received no care. Still, the above plan was strongly recommended to us by a gentleman of Massachusetts, last season, who stated that he had found it effectual for several years.

THE CURATIVE EFFECTS OF GRAPES. — Dr. Herpin, of Metz, has published a very interesting account of the curative effects of grapes, in various disorders of the body. They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluids into the system, which, passing through the blood, carry off by perspiration and other excretions, the effete and injurious materials of the body, secondly, as a vegetable nutritive agent. Employed rationally and methodically, aided by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system, in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and re-construction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system. Directed by a skillful physician, this valuable curative agent can be made to produce the most varied effects on the constitution. It also possesses the advantage of being acceptable to most invalids. The treatment lasts from three to six weeks. The quantity of grapes that may be consumed varies from one to four pounds a day, commencing with small quantities, which are gradually increased. The skins and seeds must not be swallowed. In the absence of grapes, the most beneficial effects may be obtained from dried raisins, provided a quantity of water, sufficient to satisfy the thirst they excite, be taken at the same time; or they may be stewed in the same manner as prunes.

THE MEASURE WORM. — I wonder if the apple trees in your country are troubled with a sort of measuring worm, which, in this vicinity, infests the apple trees in great numbers. If you know anything about them, or any means of preventing their ravages, the information would be very acceptable to the people of this place, as the worm is now making its appearance, and threatens to be multitudinous. They are not confined alone to the apple, but may be found in many other trees, and do great damage to small maples, pears, cherries, &c.

I discovered a method last year of destroying them, which I think worth trying, if nothing better can be found. After the worms had got to be about an inch long, I shook them from the tree, and then smeared the body of the tree, about eight or ten inches, with tar. This effectually prevented their return to the branches. If the tar would injure the tree, a piece of paper may be bound on the tree, over which the tar may be smeared. — D. CARGO, *Bowling Green, Ohio.*

FRUIT, &c., IN MICHIGAN. — The season is cold and backward; farmers are generally behind time in putting in spring crops. We have not had a warm spring day this season. Wheat generally looks very promising, and bids fair for a great crop. Fruit, such as apples and pears, promise well, but plums, peaches, cherries, and quinces, are nearly a failure. Strawberries, raspberries, and currants, promise an abundant crop. Frost was quite prevalent on Wednesday and Thursday mornings of this week, and fears are entertained that some injury to fruit may have been done. Corn is not generally planted, and will not be till the tenth of June. Some that has been put in is to be planted the second time. Farmers appear to be making calculations to raise an abundant supply of breadstuffs to meet any want that may be anticipated, in consequence of the war. — S. B. NOBLE, *Pontiac, Mich.*, June 1, 1861.

FRUIT PROSPECTS. — The Pawtucket (R. I.) *Gazette* says the prospect for fruit in that vicinity has rarely been worse than it is this spring. The severe frosts three weeks ago destroyed the cherry blossoms, and in Pawtucket, where cartloads are generally raised, not a single pint will be grown. Of apples there will be a small crop. Peach trees are about as bad as dead. Grape vines suffered severely from the frost, and many are dead. The blossom buds of many varieties of pears were killed, and plum trees have suffered as badly as the cherry trees. The Woonsocket *Patriot* states that the buds of cherry and plum trees were destroyed by the frost throughout that region. Pear buds are also injured in some localities.

VEGETATION has made but little progress the past week, and still continues backward. The warm rain of Sunday was followed by cold harsh wind.

Domestic Economy.

WASHING DAY.

THE soliloquy upon washing day in a late issue of the RURAL, would be amusing if it were not too true. I have often congratulated myself, when reading such complaints, that this dreadful day was never a disagreeable one in my family, and would be glad to show some of the sisterhood that there is a better way than to make one day of the week a ——.

One trouble is that women generally undertake too much. The "Sunday littered house" and the pile of clothes waiting purification, are enough to discourage a nervous woman, and I fear there are few American women who can claim a freedom from nervousness. It is far better for the health and temper, to take a part of two days to do the work that is usually accomplished in one.

I do the washing for my family of six members. I wash bed and table linen and colored clothes on Thursday or Friday, which makes the Monday's wash so light that it can be done with pleasure to myself, and no discomfort to my family. My husband does not know when washing day comes, as I do not begin until the breakfast is out of the way, and finish long before dinner. Two days of moderate labor are certainly better than one of severe toil, which wastes the health, and makes a "good tempered woman" cross and ill-natured. A. J. F.

Sparta, Ill., 1861.

YEAST WHERE THERE IS NO YEAST.

TAKE a handful each of hops and malt, and boil them four hours in water sufficient to make a gallon. When done, strain it boiling hot upon a pint of flour, stirring it smooth. When cool, put in a teaspoon of sugar and one of ginger, and a small teacup of salt. Let it stand open until the bubbles rise to the surface, then keep it corked close. It will be ready for use in three days after it is made. A pint of this may be put in when making again, and it will be ready for use in one day, but it is better to have it altogether fresh occasionally. — T. F., *Ham. Co., Ohio*, 1861.

YES, "A. S. R." The *very best kind of hop yeast* can be made minus the "cup of good yeast," and in my own words will I tell you. Take a handful of good hops and put them in a basin with a quart of boiling water, pare six medium sized potatoes and put in with them, cooking them nicely, then take two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and a teacup of sugar, and pour the liquor upon it scalding hot. Mash the potatoes fine and stir into the mixture, put it into a jar or wide mouth bottle, and set it away in a warm place for three days, or till it ferments, and then it is ready for use. This recipe will make the very best kind of bread, if you know anything about making it at all. — ANNIE, *Middleton, Wis.*, 1861.

FARMERS' PIE, CRULLERS, &c.

FARMERS' PIE. — Pare and slice a few apples into a common pie tin, pour in a little water, then take a pint of sour milk and one teaspoon of soda, stir it thick with flour and pour it over the apples. Bake in a quick oven. Eat with maple sirup or sweet sauce.

CRULLERS. — One cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoon of soda, one cup of butter, one of sugar, one egg, a teaspoon of extract of lemon, and flour enough to roll quite stiff. Before baking, dip the top in cold water, and sprinkle on white sugar.

CLAY CAKE. — Half a pound of butter beat lightly, one pound of sugar, six eggs, one pound of flour, half pint cream, half a nutmeg, one lemon. Bake as usual for "pound cake." C. M.

Ashtabula, Ohio, 1861.

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A NICE WAY TO COOK APPLES. — I have noticed in our *dear* RURAL of late, two very excellent ways of cooking apples, but a still nicer way I think is to pare your apples, (having them as near a size as possible, and leaving the stem on,) fill them with cloves, about 10 or 12 cloves to a middling sized apple. Place the apples in a brass kettle with water enough to cover, (it is better not to have more apples in the kettle than to cover the bottom,) then for 10 or 12 apples average two cups and a half of sugar, (white is the best,) let them boil until the apples are soft — then if the juice is not thick enough, take the apples out and let it boil longer. This is a delicious dish, so says my husband, and what *he says must be so.* — YOUNG WIFE, *Woodland Cottage*, C. W., 1861.

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EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER. — Noticing an inquiry in one of your late numbers, for a recipe for making rusk, I send you mine, which I think excellent. Take four teacups light dough, mixed with new milk; one cup pulverized sugar; one-half cup butter; the whites of two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; a little nutmeg. Add flour sufficient to enable you to roll out as biscuit, let them rise on the pans, bake in a moderately heated oven. When done, wash the top with sweetened milk. — R. E. M., *Lenanna, N. Y.*

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WASHING WHITE CRAPE SHAWLS. — Will some of your correspondents please tell me how a white silk crape shawl can be washed without injury, and without the trouble of sending it away to the city? It might be a bit of valuable information for many. — HELEN, *East Smithfield, Pa.*, 1861.

◆

INQUIRIES. — Will some of the readers of the RURAL please inform me what are the ingredients used in graining in imitation of oak? Also, how to color white kid gloves that have been soiled, and oblige? — B. E., *Newton, Pa.*, 1861.

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TO REMOVE IRON RUST. — Take a little good cream of tartar, tie it up with the spotted part. When you put the article in to boil, be careful not to stir it till it boils, and it will all disappear if the tartar is good. H.

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STARCHING MUSLIN CURTAINS. — Will some one inform me through the RURAL the best method of starching muslin window curtains, and oblige? — A SUBSCRIBER, *Sennett, N. Y.*, 1861.

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YELLOW AND ORANGE IN CARPETS. — Will some of the RURAL readers please send a recipe for coloring yellow and orange for carpets, and oblige? — A SUBSCRIBER, *Durham*, 1861.

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TO COLOR PURPLE ON WAX. — Will some one please inform a reader of the RURAL how to get a handsome purple color on wax, which will not fade? — A. R., *Lodi, Mich.*, 1861.

◆

COLORING KID GLOVES LILAC. — Will some of our ruralists please send a recipe for dyeing kid gloves a lilac color, and favor? — MATTIE, *Woodland Cottage, C. W.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Take me, Father, in my anguish,
Spare me not to this cold world,
In my grief there's none to pity.
Naught but bitter words are hurled,
And I cannot meet the glances
Proudly, idly, on me cast,—
Take me, Father, from my bosom
Let this agony be past.

Take me as Thou didst my mother,
And my Father, brave and kind,
Do not see their wretched darling
Weeping, sighing, unresigned;
Take me as Thou didst my sister,
And my brothers, one by one;
Yet, oh, stay me, in mine anguish,
I must say "Thy will be done."

Let me read that precious promise
Over, over, once again,
For it seems to ease my spirit
Of its dull and aching pain,
"I will never, never leave thee,
Thou shalt ne'er forsaken be,
Only trust and still believe me,
I will be a One to thee."

'Round the widow and the orphan
I will linger still to bless,
Yes, I know, my Heavenly Parent,
Thou wilt shield the fatherless.
Now I feel my future brighter,
I can close my eyes in sleep—
God will guard the wretched mourner,
Angels will their vigils keep.

Morning came; and through the window
Stole the odor-freighted air,
Motionless upon her pillow
Lay that mourner young and fair;
Soft brown tresses rested sweetly
On a cheek so deathly pale,
From her forehead lifted lightly
By the gentle morning gale.

But it woke not her soft slumber,
Peaceful in her solitude
Lay she there, as if unmindful
Of her cheerless orphanhood.
Without friends to shield or bless her,
Without hearts her grief to share,
Mercy's voice bade Death enfold her,
God had heard the Orphan's Prayer

So. Danby, N. Y., 1861. Mary A. B.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"CHILDREN MUST BE AMUSED."

Of course they must. The imperative wants of their nature seem to demand it. If Johnny wants the looking-glass in the parlor, and mother cannot well spare it, why, the father, whose heart is intent upon amusing his little boy, must buy one for him the next time he goes up town. Surely the dear little fellow will not harm it, and how his eyes will sparkle with new delight, if he can only place his hands squarely upon its shining face. If Susie wants the glass goblet, she must not be denied, for how her eyes would redden with sadness at the disappointment. And when the looking-glass lies shivered in a hundred pieces upon the floor, by an accidental stroke from Johnny's hammer, the few moments of fast enjoyment is ample pay for all this. Susie broke the goblet, and her hands are cut, and bleeding, yet she had a beautiful play with the precarious toy.

Helen must go to the party,—the boys and girls are going to have so much real fun. It is true, her mother is not very well, and needs her assistance. She cannot well spare her. Besides, she must have some extra trimming upon her silk dress, her bonnet must have an extra ribbon, and her gloves need mending in several places, and whose hand, so well as mother's, can fix all this? So the kind mother sits by the waning fire, after her daughter has gone away into the dreamland, fixing her wardrobe, for Helen *must* have amusement. The morning after the party, the ungrateful girl is cross and petulant, and at a late hour comes down to breakfast, scolding that she could not have her morning nap out. But Helen must have amusement. The modern race of boys and girls need a great deal of amusement. Dress, toys and playthings are at a premium.

Charlie must have a pair of three dollar skates. Common ones, which cost only one dollar, straps and all, will not answer the purpose. His father can hardly afford so much money from his weekly income. He is owing quite a sum at the shoemaker's for Charlie's boots and Helen's shoes, but as the skates will furnish much more amusement than boots or shoes, they must be purchased. So Charlie's heart is made to leap for joy, in possession of a fine pair of three dollar skates. What shall he do with them? It would be a great pity to wear their fine edges upon the uneven ice and intruding stones in the common skating ground. Three dollars more will purchase a season ticket to the new skating pond. Only three dollars more. Why, Charlie had cried nearly a whole half day for a ticket. The poor little fellow had swollen eyes and a sad heart. He was pining for the skating pond,—he must have amusement. The three dollars were forthcoming. The kind mother took the money from her occasional savings. Next day Charlie was happy. True, he put out his lip, and the tears started in his bright blue eyes when told to fill the box with wood next morning, for he had an early engagement with some playmates. So his mother brought the wood herself, and sent Charlie off to meet his agreement, and it is very important that children have a great deal of exercise and amusement in the open air. It is true, that useful labor gives healthful exercise, but then there is no *amusement* about it. There is nothing exhilarating in it, hence it should be very sparingly recommended to children.

This is really an age of amusement. Clubs, games, and sports, are engaging very general attention. It may be that the American people are a very stolid race. Perhaps they have indulged in sober calculation and reflection too excessively. We are a people of extremes. Radicalism and conservatism appear in striking contrast. We have a great mission intrusted to our hands,—the mission of human progress and development. To this noble work should the energy and genius of government, the toil and activity of philanthropy, and the prayers and sacrifices of Christians be directed.

Children must have amusement,—indeed every stage of life demands pleasure and pastime. But the great error, into which we are in danger of running is, amusement is made the *end* rather than the *means* of living. Children are not taught the *useful* as much as the *amusing*.

If the young miss should become really weary and tired, as the result of some useful and necessary labor, it would be a very serious affair. She would win for her the sympathy and commiseration of nearly every modern lady. But if from the dance, the game, or the party, she returns perfectly *exhausted*. She neither reproves herself or laments her unfortunate condition, nor is pitied by her friends. They are not the greatest benefactors of their race, who establish and patronize gymnasia, clubs, sporting grounds, &c. But the man or woman who popularizes useful employment, who combines in just proportions the useful and amusing, is really a benefactor. The unpopularity of domestic labor and care is an alarming feature in our system of progression.

We are told that we are exhibiting palpable indications of physical degeneracy, from want of sufficient and proper amusement. Our devotion to other interests besides those of health and physical vigor, may be too exclusive. But I am quite certain that our apostacy from the life and vigor of physical manhood, is traceable to other and more prolific causes. The open and plain violation of the more simple and common laws of health,—the gratifying of improper and truant appetites,—the daily use of stimulants and narcotics,—the checks placed upon the pure and free operations of nature,—are crippling, day by day and year by year, the power and efficiency of our physical life more than all other things combined. Our children need not be taught that they require amusement. But much attention is required to give their pastime system and efficiency. It would be better to pay much attention to the laws of health, and perhaps less attention to the laws and regularity of gymnastic exercises.

Let the useful and amusing be properly combined. We have so little time and so much to do, that no moment should be wasted, or improperly employed.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1861. J. W. Barker.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A "CHAPTER" FOR "A. R."

A "Chapter for the Men" appeared in a late number of the Rural. I read and re-read it, wondering the while if "A. R." was a married woman. I thought if she was, how her husband was to be pitied, for I verily believe she is a little inclined to the "sulks" *herself*, and makes an escape valve of her pen. She says, "In more than half of the families where there is discord and strife, men are most to blame."

Now, "A. R.," allow me to differ. If *your* husband is *usually* cross, I think you are the sole cause. Have you forgotten how long and how patiently he put up with your wayward and peevish conduct in the first years of your wedded life,—how hard he tried to soothe and comfort you? Do you not remember how you gave him an angry retort the first time he spoke unpleasantly (and when you provoked him, too?) Did you think you had done wrong? Of course not. You were justifiable in your own eyes, and when he came home that noon, instead of meeting him with a glad welcome and a countenance diffused with smiles (as was once your way,) you met him with a frown and wounded him by cruel words. Were you wise? Not only once did you thus, but always, when anything went crosswise—you fretted till you provoked him beyond the power of endurance, and now you throw the blame all on his "shoulders."

Do you comb your hair *now* before sitting down to breakfast? Do you dress as neatly and tastefully as in your courting days? Certainly not, you are married, and your husband need not expect it. I should like to know why.

You call men "rulers of the household." Pray tell me who else in this world of ours should be. I would not give a penny for a husband who was not "ruler" of his home. It is his right, and he ought not to yield this right to another.

Again, you say "the men are anything but perfect." Do you know of any perfect women? "A. R.," or any body else, when your "cross man" comes home to-morrow night, let him find home made beautiful by order,—a neatly arranged supper-table,—a nice floor, chairs set back, your work folded smoothly in the work-basket, and a tidy little wife. If you have nothing better than a pretty, well-worn calico, mend the rents, replace the hooks and eyes, smooth your hair and your forehead, dress your face with smiles and your heart with love, present yourself thus clad as he enters, and if a pair of strong arms do not encircle you, and a pleasant voice greet you, *I* shall be wonderfully "mistaken."

Unless you are a model wife, and meet all the emergencies of wifehood cheerfully, patiently, pleasantly, and faithfully, how can you expect to have a model husband? E. C. W.

Genoa, N. Y., 1861.

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GIRLS' NEGLECT OF HEALTH.

Little does the child of indigent parents know what illness is to the poor and destitute, or what it may be to her when her mother's hand is cold and helpless in the tomb, and when her own head is no longer sheltered by a father's roof. Thus we find young girls so often practicing a certain kind of recklessness and contempt of health, nay, even encouraging a degree of delicacy, feebleness, and liability to bodily ailments, which, if they were not accustomed to the kindest attentions, would be the last calamity they would wish to bring upon themselves. How important is it for each individual to remember that the constitution of the body, as well as that of the *mind*, is, in a good degree, of their own forming. Fanciful and ill-disciplined young women are apt to think it gives them an attractive air, and looks like an absence of selfishness, to be indifferent about the preservation of their health; and thus they indulge in the most absurd capriciousness with respect to their diet, sometimes refusing altogether to eat at proper times, and eating most improperly at others; running about upon wet grass with thin shoes, as if they really wished to take cold; refusing to take medicine when necessary, or taking it unsanctioned by their parents or their best advisers. How soon does the stern discipline of life inflict its own punishment for this folly; but, unfortunately, not soon enough to stop the host of maladies which are thus produced.

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Out-door Life.—Just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for that same out-door life. Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let the earth but give room to stand on; well, look up. Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—Heaven?

◆

Some women are born to scheme and some to love, and I wish any respected bachelor that reads this may take the sort that best suits him.

◆

Women nurse and cuddle their presentiments, and make darlings of their ugliest thoughts as they do of their deformed children.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AFTER A SHOWER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Gray clouds sailed through the air aloft,
Dimpling the streams with drops as soft
As tears that fall from gentle eyes
When passion shakes the heart with sighs.
The brook flowed pulsing to the sea
In palpitating ecstasy,
And my glad heart in union beat
With throbbing billows at my feet.

I hastened through the meadows green,
Where sighing winds with tears had been
Coquetting with the girlish flowers
That blushed to silence in their bowers.
I snatched a bud and kissed its cheek,
When fancy heard its red lips speak
The sweet name of my darling maid,
Pure as the flower that lights the glade

May, 1861.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DEFENCE OF HYPOCHONDRIACS.

Duty, I think, prompts me to say a few words in reply to the article in your paper of May 18th, in defense of that suffering class of the community termed Hypochondriacs. Pardon me when I say I think the author of "Hypochondriacs" has little experience or physical knowledge of the subject upon which he speaks. He has, evidently, manifested a want of sympathy, and treated it with too much harshness and severity, and which goes to prove the force of the old adage,

"He jest at scars, who never felt a wound."

We all admit the advantages of a happy and cheerful disposition, morally and physically, over a gloomy and depressed one, and all should endeavor, as far as possible, to cherish and cultivate such a state of mind. I think it a duty and a virtue, but believe that there are many who admit the truth of this proposition, who are, nevertheless, the unwilling subjects of this unhappy mental depression of which we speak. I would cheerfully and cordially recommend to such an able and excellent Tract by the late Dr. A. Alexander, of Princeton, "on Religious Depression," or his work "on Religious Experience," both published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. You will there find such food and sympathy as sensitive spirits crave.

Permit me briefly to quote from the last mentioned work:—"As most people are inclined to conceal their spiritual distresses, few have any conception of the number of persons who are habitually suffering under the frightful malady of melancholy. With some the disease is not permanent, but occasional. They have only periodical paroxysms of deep religious depression, and they may be said to have their compensation for the dark and cloudy day, by being favored with one of peculiar brightness in quick succession. If their gloom was uninterrupted, it would be overwhelming; but after a dark night, rises a lovely morning without the shadow of a cloud. This rapid and great alternation of feeling is found in those who possess what may be called a mercurial temperament. It is connected with a nervous system peculiarly excitable, and exceedingly liable to temporary derangement. A rough east wind is sufficient to blow up clouds which completely obscure the cheerful sunshine of the soul, while the wholesome zephyrs as quickly drive all these gloomy clouds away.

Such persons always have a stomach easily disordered, and one ounce of improper food, or one too much of wholesome food, is cause sufficient to derange the nerves and depress the spirits! The want of refreshing sleep, or watchfulness, is another cause of the same effects; and in its turn, is an effect from disordered nerves. But physical causes are not the only ones which produce this painful state of feeling. It is often produced in a moment, by hearing some unpleasant intelligence, or by the occurrence of some disagreeable event."

These alternations of day and night, of sunshine and darkness, must of necessity affect the feelings in regard to all matters, temporal and spiritual; for, as in a dark night every object appears black, so when the mind is overcast with gloomy clouds, every view must partake of the same aspect. To many persons this description will be unintelligible; but by others, it will be recognized at once as a just view of their own case.

But when religious melancholy becomes a fixed disease, it may be reckoned among the heaviest calamities to which our suffering nature is subject. It feeds upon distress and despair, and is displeased even with the suggestion or offer of relief. The mind thus affected seizes on those ideas and truths which are most awful, and melancholy incapacitates them for thought or action.—It confounds and disturbs all their thoughts, and fills them with vexation and anguish. I verily believe that when this malign humor is deeply fixed, and has spread its deleterious influence over every part, it is as vain to attempt to resist it by reasoning and rational motives, as to oppose a fever, or the gout, or the pleurisy.

Treat those who are under this disease with tender compassion. Remember also, that you are liable to the same affliction; for, however brisk your spirits, and lively your feelings now, you may meet with such reverses, with such long and sharp afflictions, as will sink your spirits. Many, not naturally inclined to melancholy, have, by overwhelming and repeated calamities, been sunk into this dark gulf. Never use harsh language to your friends when under the disease of melancholy. This will only serve to fret and perplex them the more, but will never benefit them. I know that the counsel of some is, to rebuke and chide them on all occasions; but I dare confidently say, that such advisers never felt the disease themselves; for, if they had, they would know that thus they do but pour oil into the flames, and chafe and exasperate their wounds, instead of healing them.

On this point, there is often a great mistake. When they speak of their frightful and distressing apprehensions, it is common for friends to reply, "that this is all imaginary—nothing but fancy," "an unfounded whim." Now, the disease is a real one, and their misery is as real as any experienced by man. It is true, their imagination is disordered, but this is merely the effect of a deeper disease. These afflicted persons never can believe that you have any real sympathy with their misery, or feel any compassion for them, unless you believe what they say.

Chatham, N. Y., 1861. D. L. B.

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He is wealthy enough that wanteth not. He is great enough that is his own master. He is happy enough that lives to die well. Other things I will not care for, says Judge Hale, nor too much for these, save only for the last, which alone can admit of no immoderation.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Do give human nature all the credit due to it. Don't expect little children to be as wise as Paul,—sober before they get off their pinafores. If you coax them with sugar to do what you tell them, don't be surprised if they are saucy and impudent. Don't wonder if your daughter marries the first man who asks her to have him, when you are all the time telling her how dreadful it is to be an old maid. Don't expect your minister to preach any but swilly sermons when you only give him two hundred dollars and a donation. Don't have the least idea people will pay as much attention to you, dressed in homespun, as they will to your rich neighbor clad in broadcloth. Don't think that if you write a book your particular friends who never write will call it smart. Don't expect your hired help to be good when you treat them like brutes. Don't expect every body to love your baby just as well as you do. Don't think a choir of singers will get along without quarrelling. Do take things as they are, and don't be forever harping on the frailties of human kind.

April, 1861. X

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UNWILLING WALKING.

We are delighted to find that our instinct, on this point, is at last authoritatively confirmed. We have so often *hated* to walk when told we ought to! In an article on physical culture, in the "Journal of Homœopathy," Dr. Taylor says:—"It is generally better not to exercise at all, than to drag one's self into it with every feeling repugnant to the effort. Our instincts should not be disregarded in this respect. The muscles need to be *animated* as well as the brain. Our muscles, in their exercise, need the contact of animate objects, as well as the mind. How quick the muscles of a sick man tire when he is sent out to walk alone! But if he have companionship, and be engaged in interesting conversation, he can often walk thrice the distance which he otherwise could. When nervous exhaustion and muscular weakness have been induced by care of business on the one hand, and neglect of muscular activity on the other, through a term of years, fatigue should never be allowed; and as an unwavering rule, those exercises should be chosen which bring the muscles into slow, uniform action with little exertion of the will. All violent efforts, and the attempt to perform feats of agility, should be avoided, as unnecessarily causing a large expenditure of nervous force, without adequate muscular action to compensate for it. Indeed, this mental impulse is often quite sufficient, without any muscular contraction, to produce actual change of nutrition in the muscles themselves. Bedridden and paralyzed persons are constantly recovering in consequence of newly excited hopes effecting healthful changes in their tissues; so that genial, animated conversation, without muscular action, or a pleasant, moonlight walk, with comparatively little of it, may be as proper exercise, even for the muscles, as the belaboring of dumb-bells."

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OLD FOLKS.

Bless the old people, say we! What should we do without them! Does not a man feel better and stronger in the battle of life for having a grey-headed old father and mother under the shelter of some brown-eaved farm house far away? Does the millionaire's heart leap half so high, at the sight of the pines and oranges that daily decorate his table, as he does when the barrel of red-streaked apples comes from the country home—apples from the old side-hill orchard, carefully picked out by a spectacled mother, and directed, in a shaking hand, by the kindly old man! Ah! those apples have a flavor of home and childhood! What an event it is to the dwellers in brown stone mansions and marble fronted palaces, to have the old folks come up from the country on a visit, with their old-fashioned ways and antiquated snuff-colored garments, and horror of all new inventions and dangerous novelties! We can but smile when they blow out the gas, and sit as far as possible from the furnace registers for fear they should burst, and start every time the speaking tubes are used, and regard the water pipes as fearful and wonderful things. Such things make them feel that their day and generation are over, evermore than the white-headed little grand children, and the silver threads in the locks of the son or daughter, who was their "baby" once. Yet there is something beautiful in their simplicity—their utter ignorance of the marvels of city life. The dear old folks! as long as they are alive, there is always an untiring ear for our tales of joy or trial, a ready excuse for our follies—there is always some one to whom we are still "the children." It is only when the accustomed fire-side chair is empty, and the violets growing over the gentle eyes, that we feel the bitterest pang of heart-sickness that earth has to give. When the old folks are gone we are alone, though a thousand friends sit round our hearthstones.

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THE STRENGTH OF HELPLESSNESS.

The heart that never softens even to a woman, may have a little cleft in its rocky grain large enough for a child to cling in, and make one think of a delicate flower on the breast of a rugged cliff. How like a casket for a jewel does a little coffin look to us; we have no recollections of past helplessness and lingering pain to alloy thought, as in the case of adults. There is something humiliating in their trustful weakness, but with children it forms one of the sweetest charms.

The heart grows warm and large as we look at them, and the stout bachelor that walks "the long path" alone, is more indebted to the neighbors' children for keeping his humanity from rusting than he will be willing to confess. When children die, they only attain maturity in a readier way than by the tedious route of this moral living.

Even the inferior animals recognize the helplessness of childhood, with an instinct finer than our own. In a little book lying upon the lower shelf at memory's eastern edge, there is a story that everybody knows. It is of an elephant in Delhi, or some other of those glorious old places we used to dream about, that got in a great rage one day, and rushed frenzied through the market-place. Booths, men, walls, nothing could stop him, when all at once he came upon a child that had crept exactly in his way; the huge fellow stopped, and as gently as a mother could do, lifted the child aside and placed it out of danger. He saved the *child*, but he would have *orphaned* it with a blow.—*B. F. Taylor.*

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It is an evil thing needlessly to cause a human being pain, but it is a fearful thing to inflict it on a creature that cannot speak, for it must be that there is always, somewhere a tongue to tell, a mysterious witness to bear testimony.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SOUL'S TO-MORROW.

BY MARGARET ELLIOTT.

With a heart made strong by sorrow,
Sing I of the soul's to-morrow,
And some strains I fain would borrow from the harps of saints at rest,
Who, in robes of glory shining,
Praise in God their hearts reclining,
Passing from the Fire Refining, reached the mansion of the blest.

For my tongue can tell but faintly
Of the glorified—the saintly—
And the bonds of earth too straitly hold my struggling spirit down;
So I pray for new baptism,
So I ask angelic chrism,
Lifting me from earth's abysm, till I see not cross, but crown

From the lips of those in glory,
Hear I still the wondrous story
How the Lord of Life and Glory left his throne above the sky.
With this song all Heaven is ringing—
This, the "new song," they are singing,
To my raptured ear still bringing foretastes of the joy on high.

And I long with bitter yearning,
All my soul with ardor burning,
For the day when, swift returning, with His angels, dread and bright,
All the hosts of Heaven attending,
Christ, with all his own ascending,
Founds His kingdom, never ending, in the Land of Life and Light.

Gainesville N. Y., 1861.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

"Rejoice evermore!" Strange, exclaims the worldling, or the *neither-one-thing-nor-the-other* professor of religion, that God should make such a requisition of *men*. Tears are the birthright of man; and how, while the heart is oppressed by the cares of life, or pained by some bitter disappointment, or crushed by the weight of some great sorrow, the heart can still have a joy that will enable one to look up smiling, even while the hot tears are falling, is a paradox to the world which human philosophy can never explain. But the Bible is not more explicit upon any question of Christian duty than upon this.

To "rejoice evermore," requires a faith in the wisdom and kindness of the mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence, which will lead to a trust that cannot be shaken by the severest blasts of adversity. Only Christians who have in their souls a vigorous development of the Christian graces, understand the secret of love and faith by which we are enabled to "rejoice *evermore*!" Such Christians are in actual possession, by revelation from Heaven, of a true alchemical art, by which they find a remedy for the most distressing ills of life, and transmute those things which appear to the world real misfortunes, or grievous sorrows, into means of grace and blessing. "Blind unbelief is sure to err;" but faith says, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As an affectionate child relies upon the kindness and wisdom of the correction of an earthly parent, so Christians rely upon the kindness and wisdom of the chastisements of the Heavenly Father. His triumphant faith enables him to see the "silver lining" to the cloud which throws the darkest shadow, and he believes that the path which his weary feet may press, be it rough or smooth, is the Heaven-appointed way, and, therefore, the safest and most direct to the Land of Rest lying beyond the Dark Valley, where God himself shall wipe all tears from all faces.

God *rules*. The assurance of this makes the Christian able to "rejoice evermore," having the express declaration of the Disposer of all events upon which to rely, "All things shall work together for good to them who love God."

"God's children all afflictions know,
The lot of suffering He has blest;
O, sweet, when grief's cold tempests blow,
To lean for succor on His breast!
And blest the thought, 'mid trials drear,
That they are all in kindness given,
That we may gain, through suffering here,
A happier, sweeter, rest in Heaven."

This is language which the Christian alone is able to use. Who, then, would not desire to possess the invaluable religion which offers to weeping humanity a universal catholicon for all the ills and sorrows of earthly life. A. T. E. Clarke.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1861.

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TEACH IT TO YOUR CHILDREN.

Do not fail to inculcate the faith which you accept in your own home. If you really desire your children to become rational, intelligent and happy believers, or if you would prepare them for the duties and responsibilities of life, then carefully instruct them in the principles, while you enjoin the precepts of the religion of Christ. You cannot safely let them alone. You must fill the barrel with wheat, and let the enemy find no room for tares. The minds of the young cannot remain unoccupied and empty. Neglect to teach truth, pure, inspiring, life-giving truth, others will teach what you must regard as pernicious error. Be cautious. The infidel will whisper his doubts concerning the providence and even the existence of God. The man who denies the miracles of the New Testament, and rejects the authority of Christ, will implant his opinions in their young and unsuspecting hearts, and ere long, going a little beyond their teachers, it may be they will plunge into open and utter unbelief.

Some individual who accounts death a final and perpetual sleep, will, by and by, persuade them that they are in no way exalted above the brutes, and that when they lie down in death, soul and body will inherit the same grave. To all these influences and dangers, as well as the temptations to vice and crime, our children are constantly exposed, and it is our bounden duty to be regular and constant in our efforts to nurture them in the doctrines and spirit of that Gospel which God has given for the guidance and redemption of man.

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Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshines of those years, and with chastened step and heavenward hopes, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat. *T. W. Brown.*

Useful, Scientific, &c.

BALLS, SHELLS AND BOMBS.

THE correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing from Troy, N. Y., May 8th, says:

The Watervliet Arsenal, situated at West Troy, is, as you doubtless know, the largest arsenal for the construction and fabrication of military implements, other than small arms and cannon, in the country; and a visit to its workshops at the present time, powerfully impresses one with the strength and resources of our Government. Everything is at present on a war footing, and from three to four hundred hands directly, and as many more indirectly, in the neighboring founderies, are kept busy night and day. Through the thieving of Floyd and the recent requisitions of Government, the Arsenal has been nearly stripped of muskets, pistols, and cannon; but of other munitions there is yet an ample store. A large number of hands are engaged in the preparation of ammunition; sixty thousand ball cartridges are made daily. Most of these are intended for the Minie rifle, but large numbers of the old-fashioned round ball cartridges are also manufactured. The rapidity with which a cartridge is made is wonderful. A boy sits at a counter with a cylindrical stick—a pile of greased balls and one of prepared paper before him—a simple roll of the paper and stick, a jerk and a twist at one end, a twist of a string, and a cartridge is ready for filling in less time than it takes to read this description. They are then taken into another room, placed open end up in shallow boxes, and a man, by means of a simple instrument, fills them with an equal and specific amount of powder, at the rate of thirty a minute. A twist at the open end, and the cartridge is complete. The manufacture goes on so fast that it requires nearly a dozen men and boys to pack, box, and remove the finished cartridges. In another apartment, a number of men and girls are employed in the manufacture of cannon cartridges of all sizes, from the mightiest columbiad down to a six-pounder. The material of which they are made is a kind of woolen goods—moreen—imported from England especially for the purpose. Thousands of yards of this material were in the process of being cut up and manufactured. Cannon cartridges are not filled here, but at the place where they are intended to be used. In still another department grape, canister, and strapped ammunition are in course of preparation, while huge cart-loads of bomb-shells and spherical shot are hourly arriving from the neighboring founderies. The grape-shot are larger than I supposed, and might more properly be called peach-shot than grape-shot. Some six or more of these are packed in a sort of wire corkscrew arrangement, and fitted into a tin case, and when thus finished have much the appearance of jars of preserved meats or fruit.

The manufacture of bomb-shells is also a matter of much interest. The preparation of those I witnessed is briefly as follows:—The shell is first filled full with old-fashioned round leaden bullets; melted sulphur is then poured in to fill up the interstices and bind the bullets in one solid mass; the shell is then put into a kind of lathe, and a cylindrical hole of the exact size of the orifice of the shell is bored through the bullets and sulphur. This cavity is filled with powder, even with the interior edge of the orifice, a six-inch shell of the kind here described holding about half a pound. The fuse fitted into the orifice is a recent Belgian invention, made of pewter, and resembles the screw-cap used for the patent fruit-cans. An examination of this pewter cap shows, however, that it is made of two hollow discs of metal screwed together, and filled with meal powder. A number of fine holes are drilled in the lower disc, while the outer disc is entire, and marked with figures in a circle, 1, 2, 3, 4. In this state the shell is water and weather-proof. When taken for use, the gunner, by means of a small steel instrument, scoops out a portion of the outer soft metal surface, and lays bare the charge of composition powder below it. If the shell is desired to explode in one second after leaving the gun, the scooping is made on the figure 1; if in two seconds, on the figure 2, and so on—the idea being that the shells of this description shall first strike the object aimed at and do execution as a ball, and then explode, sending the bullets forward as if from another cannon located at the point where the flight of the shell is arrested. Large shells of eight or ten inches are filled with powder only, and, bursting, do execution by means of their fragments. These large shells are generally fired by means of a fuse of meal powder, extending through a brass plug screwed into the mouth of the shell. In both cases the fuse is fired by the ignition of the charge in the gun.

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THE CHAMELEON.

AN officer in Africa thus writes of the habits of this animal:—"As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will mention a few which came under my observation. One morning, I saw close to my tent, a very large chameleon, hanging on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him. In the course of a few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections, which, in the first place, was done by feeding him well, and, in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather. I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and in the course of a very few minutes I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner, with his long, slimy tongue; nor does he ever move from his position, but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes in reach, so sure he is caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of bread, which he devoured, and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance the 'noble Hamlet's' theory of the chameleon's death. Promises would not have suited him at all, being at the end of each day considerably more like a crammed capon than an air-fed chameleon. It is not true that this animal will change color according to what he is put on; but he will change shade according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is a bright green, with small gold spots over his body; he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in. When angry—and he is easily made so—his hue changes to a dusky green, almost black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I never could perceive any other color on his body but green in a variety of shades. The spots enlarge very much when he is in good humor—so much, indeed, as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal, but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there, on the back and sides."

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THE wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches—not for display, but for their own use.

COL. ELMER E. ELLSWORTH.

THE entire country was electrified by the telegraphic announcement on Friday, the 24th ult., of the cowardly and brutal assassination of Col. ELLSWORTH, of the New York Fire Zouaves, by a hotel keeper in Alexandria, Va. It is safe to say that no young man has been so prominently before the American people during the past twelve months, and the death of none will arouse so fierce a feeling toward the rebels,—a feeling that can be sated, under existing circumstances, only by a fearful revenge. His course of life has been marked by so many peculiarities, and his death so sudden and bitter, that we are warranted in presenting our readers with a brief biography and portrait.

Col. ELMER E. ELLSWORTH was born in Malta, Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1833, where his bereaved parents are now living, and although he had attained so prominent a position in our military service, was yet in early youth at the time of his death, having scarcely completed the twenty-seventh year of his age. He entered the military school at West Point, where he was initiated into the rudiments of the art of war, and cultivated the passion for arms which, until within a recent period, had found no opportunity for its practical exercise. For the last few years he had been a resident of Chicago, where he was engaged in the practice of law, but was distinguished for his love of military affairs and his remarkable zeal and efficiency as an officer and disciplinarian. Previous to his entering the service of the United States, with his regiment of New York Zouaves, he held the office of Quartermaster of the Northern Division of Illinois, and Paymaster-General of the militia of that State. His first company of Zouaves was formed in Chicago in the Spring of 1859, and soon became famous for their admirable drill and wonderful feats of activity. In the course of a year, their peculiar tactics had excited so much attention that a strong desire was expressed that they should visit the East, and accordingly, in July, 1860, they left Chicago for a military tour to the cities of the seaboard.

The trip of the Illinois Zouaves is so fresh in the minds of our readers, it is only necessary to remark their whole journey was an ovation, and military men were dumbfounded at the skill and precision of these erratic soldiers. On his return home the young Colonel was much feted by his fellow-citizens, and Zouave companies sprang into existence throughout the country.

Among other persons who paid him marked attention was Mr. LINCOLN, then a candidate for the Presidency. After the election Mr. LINCOLN signified his intention of attaching Col. ELLSWORTH to his person; and when, in February last, he departed on his journey to Washington, Colonel E. was invited to form one of his escort. He was, the reporters tell us, one of the most useful of the party, ever watchful of Mr. LINCOLN's person, and always in good temper and ready for any thing that could render the journey pleasant. For some time after the accession of Mr. LINCOLN it was generally supposed that ELLSWORTH would be tendered a position in the War Department, and it is understood that his claims were urged by Gen. SUMNER, but it is not likely that he desired any such post. On the outbreak of the war he sought active service. And having had an opportunity of judging what excellent material for soldiers was contained in the New York Fire Department, he bethought himself of forming out of them a Zouave Regiment. The idea was a happy one. The firemen, brave as steel, would be restive under the stiff restraints of light infantry tactics, whereas the comparative freedom and dash of the Zouave drill suited them exactly. In the course of a couple of days over a thousand firemen volunteered. Ten companies were accepted, the regiment was formed, and they received orders to repair to Washington. Since they were mustered into actual service, there has been but one opinion of their value and effectiveness. Devoted to their gallant commander, whose personal qualities were as winning as his military genius was remarkable, his death has been the occasion to them of overwhelming grief, that can only be appeased by their share in the triumph which his cowardly assassination will not permit him to witness.

Col. ELLSWORTH was a man of exemplary moral habits, and a model of temperance and integrity. It is said that he never tasted a drop of liquor, nor smoked a cigar in his life. At the time of his martyr's death, he was engaged to be married to Miss SPAFFORD, an estimable young lady of Rockford, Ill.

In this connection we give a copy of the last letter written by the Colonel, except one to his affianced, written at the same time, just before marching on Alexandria.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ZOUAVES, CAMP LINCOLN,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23d, 1861.

My Dear Father and Mother:—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the City of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who knoweth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose, even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-bye; God bless, protect, and care for you. ELMER.

A large number of incorrect accounts are given to the public as to the manner in which Col. ELLSWORTH met his untimely fate. We give the version of FRANK E. BROWNELL, who killed the assassin, JACKSON.

Just as the party were descending the stairs, after having pulled down the odious secession flag, they met JACKSON, the proprietor of the hotel, at the foot of the staircase. The stairs were winding or cylindrical, and the turn was so abrupt that FRANK, who was in the lead, was directly upon JACKSON before either party was aware of each other's presence. JACKSON immediately raised his gun,—a double barreled shot gun, loaded with slugs,—to fire, and FRANK as quickly drew up his weapon and knocked his adversary's piece downwards. JACKSON slipped out his gun, and drawing it up quickly fired at ELLSWORTH. FRANK as quickly shot JACKSON,—so quickly, indeed, that the two reports were mingled into one. JACKSON fired both barrels of his gun almost simultaneously,—the last charge passing directly beside FRANK's head, and passing opposite into the wall. BROWNELL was so close upon his adversary, that the powder from the shot gun severely burned as well as discolored his face. FRANK bayonetted the murderer in an instant, and pitched him back into the hall,—JACKSON being dead before he touched the floor even. ELLSWORTH merely articulated "My God," and fell a corpse.

The party of Zouaves which accompanied ELLSWORTH, numbered only seven. As soon as the affair transpired and the report of the guns was heard, the passage way leading to the stairs was filled with boarders in the hotel, but as they rushed out wild with excitement, the Zouaves were able to take them prisoners and hold them in check. As fast as one appeared, a rifle was aimed at him, and all surrendered at discretion. The party were thus able to intimidate the rebels nearly fifteen minutes, until additional succor arrived. BROWNELL speaks of the grief which seized the men when it was known that their young and beloved Commander was killed, and says that it was only by keeping the intelligence of the fact from them until they were safely onboard in a boat on the Potomac, that the town of Alexandria was preserved from destruction. Had the Zouaves learned of the affair immediately, or before these precautions were adopted, no power would have been sufficient to restrain them from avenging their Commander's death in too fearful a manner to contemplate.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 8, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Chesapeake Bay—Its Rivers and Cities.

THE entrance of Chesapeake Bay, between Capes Henry and Charles, affords a channel for the largest vessels, of about eight nautical miles in width. The bay lies between the parallels of 26° 55' and 39° 40' North latitude, a distance of 190 statute miles. The shores of the Chesapeake are deeply indented, affording numerous harbors and roadsteads, in which the heaviest ships can find anchorage. The bay receives several noble rivers into which the tide sets for long distances, affording excellent navigation for steamers and sea craft far into the interior. After making the entrance to the Chesapeake, Hampton roads opens to the right, a broad estuary with a deep channel a mile and a half in width at its narrowest point. Eight miles from the buoy which marks the entrance to the roads, on the north side of the channel, is Old Point Comfort, on which is Fortress Monroe, whose guns command the channel.

FORTRESS MONROE.—This fortress is the largest, and one of the best constructed in the United States. It was built, like all the coast forts, for defence against a foe approaching from the sea, and is casemated only on the side facing the channel, having simple wall-masonry only to landward. Against an attacking force from that quarter it will need protecting out-works. Its walls inclose a parade ground of about seventy acres, making it an admirable school for recently recruited regiments. Opposite the fort, in the channel, distant about a mile and a third, are the walls of a small fortification, commenced by Government but not finished, called the Rip Raps. The foundation has been laid, and rude, uncemented walls erected with the intention of allowing the base to settle properly before building the structure. As the Columbiads at Monroe could sweep the frail walls into ruin at the first half dozen shots, there is little probability of the rebels attempting to occupy it. It might be of some service to our troops as an out-work.

Further up the roads, and four miles in a right line, across Westerly from Fortress Monroe, is Caswell's (Sewall's) Point, where the rebels have attempted to erect batteries. At this point, to the South, opens Elizabeth channel, the entrance to Norfolk harbor. Fortifications at Caswell's Point, although too far distant to threaten Fortress Monroe, would effectually guard this entrance. Elizabeth channel, from its opening into Hampton roads to the city of Norfolk, is eight miles long, direct in its course, very deep and scarcely a quarter of a mile in width. Craney Island lies close to the channel on the West side, about three miles from Norfolk, on which are the remains of an old fort, which the secessionists are rebuilding. Nearer to the city, on the other bank of the channel, is Fort Norfolk, also being improved and mounted with ordnance by the rebels.

NORFOLK AND ITS SUBURBS.—The city of Norfolk, located upon an almost level site, presents but few natural defences against an attacking force. The city and Portsmouth, lying opposite, can be approached from several points. Troops could be landed from the Hampton or Lynn Haven roads within seven miles of the city; the approaches being easy and indefensible. An approach could be made from London bridge on the south, with an easy march of ten miles.

Norfolk is important for its railroad connections; as the location of a navy yard, whose dry dock and machine shops are proving useful to the rebels, and as the Chesapeake terminus of the Dismal Swamp canal, through which passes the commerce of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. Into Hampton roads empties the James river, a large stream affected by the tide one hundred miles from its mouth, at which point the falls and rapids, with a descent of one hundred feet in two miles, effectually block further navigation, giving, at the same time, an unlimited water power.

At this point is situated the city of Richmond, beautifully built on several elevations, the most noted of which are Shockhoe and Richmond hills, between which flows Shockhoe creek. The city is handsomely built, the streets intersecting at right angles. On Shockhoe hill are the capitol and other prominent public buildings, and about them are clustered the aristocratic mansions of the city. Vessels drawing ten feet of water fasten to the wharf at Richmond, and those drawing fifteen approach within three miles of the city. Lines of steamers, before the secession difficulties, connected Richmond commercially with New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Baltimore. Richmond has been the great wheat depot of Virginia, which its mills have converted into flour, the larger part of which found a market in the Northern cities.

RAILROADS FROM RICHMOND.—Five lines of railroad diverge from Richmond. One line running due north passes Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, and terminates at Aquia creek, near the Potomac. A line running east terminates at Whitehouse, on the York river. A third line runs due south to Wilmington, North Carolina, having intermediate stations at Petersburg, Virginia, and Weldon, North Carolina. The Richmond and Danville railroad extends in a southwest direction to the latter town, near the North Carolina boundary line, beyond which it is unfinished. The Virginia Central runs nearly west, being finished as far as Covington, beyond the blue ridge. At Gordonsville it forms a junction with the Orange and Alexandria road running northeast, and Lynchburg road running southwest. This is thus the military as well as the commercial center of the State, and a point of great strategic importance.

THE RIVER.—From the buoy at the entrance of Hampton roads to the light ship at the mouth of York river, the distance is about fifteen miles. From its source at the junction of the Pamunky and Mattapany, its debouchement into the Chesapeake, the York river flows forty miles, being an estuary with a heavy tide, varying from two to four miles in width. It is navigable by the largest vessels to Yorktown, and by vessels of secondary draft to its source. A land spit separates the mouth of the York river from Mob-Jack bay, which sets inland about fifteen miles, with eighteen feet of water. Into this bay empties the Severn, North, and Ware rivers, inconsiderable streams, navigable a short distance for vessels of light draft. From the lighthouse at New Point Comfort to the lighthouse at the entrance of the Rappahannock, is twenty miles. A space of four miles to the south of the light, comprises the entrance to the Rappahannock, and a small bay and river called the Piankeetank.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—The Rappahannock, like the James river, rises in the mountainous portion of the State. At one hundred miles from its mouth navigation is stopped by falls and rapids. The river below the falls has the character of an estuary, being broad and affected by the tides. At the head of tide-water is the city of Fredericksburg, a great tobacco depot, lying on the line of the Richmond and Potomac railroad.

THE POTOMAC.—Twenty-two miles from the light ship, moored at the mouth of the Rappahannock, is the lighthouse at Smith's point, guiding the entrance to the Potomac. This is one of the noblest rivers in the country, having, from its rise among the Allegany mountains to its confluence with the Chesapeake, every variety of scenery. For two hundred miles it is broken by numerous rapids and falls. Then subsiding at once into a deep, broad, tidal stream, it affords to its entrance into the Chesapeake a hundred miles of navigable water for ships of the line. At the head of navigation lies the city of Washington, where the river is a mile in width.

ALEXANDRIA.—Seven miles below Washington lies the city of Alexandria, the most important town on the Virginia side of the river. The shores of the Potomac below Washington have but a few slight elevations, and it would be difficult to impede navigation by hastily constructed batteries. The width for the same distance varies from one and a half to five miles. As the upper portion of the Chesapeake lies in Maryland, a Union State, its topography is of minor importance. The navigable portion of the Chesapeake, at the mouth of the Potomac is twelve miles in width. It is now certain that the rebel commerce of the Chesapeake has been wholly shut in, and that the Potomac, Rappahannock, York, and James rivers are held in the closest blockade. As the Dismal Swamp canal is still open, however, an important trade may be carried on with North and South Carolina. By closing up the Virginia rivers, the rebel army is cut off from one source of food supplies of considerable importance, the Chesapeake fish and oyster banks, which line both shores of the bay from the capes to the Patapsco.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

PICKENS TO BE TAKEN WITH RED PEPPER.—A chivalrous secessionist in the Mobile Register, has a novel plan for capturing Fort Pickens. He says:

> It is well known that there are some chemicals so poisonous that an atmosphere impregnated with them makes it impossible to remain where they are, as they would destroy life or interfere so much with respiration as to make fresh air indispensable. That the whole atmosphere of Fort Pickens can be so impregnated in a short time, can be shown to be by no means chimerical;—not only not chimerical but easily effected. It will not cost so much as to be impracticable, and may cost infinitely less than a regular siege, not only in money, but life. Everybody almost, knows that burning red pepper, even in small quantity, a tea-spoonful, will clear the largest room of a crowd in a few moments; that the least snuff of veratria will make one cough himself almost to death, and run great risk of coughing himself into consumption; that some gases are so poisonous to life that the smallest quantity will kill—hydrocyanic acid and arseniuretted hydrogen, for instance. By mixing red pepper and veratria with the powder with which the shells are filled; or by filling large shells of extraordinary capacity with poisonous gases and throwing them very rapidly into the fort, every living soul would have to leave in double-quick time. If the bombardment is effected in a dead calm, the result would be certain; and often at Fort Pickens there is not a breath of air stirring from daylight until ten o'clock in the morning.

FIRST BLAST OF THE NORTHERN BUGLE.—The New Orleans Bee says:—"We plead guilty to the charge of having, in times past, talked confidentially of, and trusted implicitly in Northern conservatism. The fact is, the professed advocates of that particular *ism* expressed themselves habitually so warmly in favor of the South, scouted so loftily the idea of coercion, and advocated with so much apparent sincerity a system of conciliation and concession, that thousands of Southern men were completely deceived. There is no doubt whatever that an opinion prevailed among us that if Lincoln should attempt to make war upon the South, the conservative men of the North would overwhelm his Administration, and by timely diversions would extend aid and succor to us. It was thought that the thirty thousand anti-Lincoln majority in New York city would act substantially with the South, or at all events would exhibit its genuine sympathy with that section, by declining to take up arms in behalf of the Federal Government. There were not wanting among us, too, numbers of shrewd and experienced citizens who calculated largely upon the commercial ties and identity of interests between the South and West, and who believed that ultimately Ohio, Indiana, and other States in that quarter, would be glad to unite their destinies with those of a Southern Confederacy. How the first blast of the Northern bugle has blown away these bubbles of the imagination."

A MISSOURIAN CONVINCED.—The St. Louis papers publish a long letter from Thomas Allen, an old resident of that city, who expresses his views of the relations of the Government to Missouri, in this sensible way:

"I am convinced, by frequent intercourse, North and East, that the officers and troops of the Federal Government now in the field, did not go into it with any purpose of making war upon slaveholding, and some proof of that is furnished by the action of one or two Northern Generals in Maryland, who returned fugitives to their masters, and also offered to aid in suppressing a negro insurrection; but I am obliged to believe that *the friends of the Union have gone into the war with the sole purpose of defending the Government*, upholding the American flag, preserving the Union, and enforcing obedience to the laws. If the Union is to be dissolved, they say, let it be done according to the forms prescribed by the Constitution, and not by violence. And they also say, that unless the approaching Congress intervenes another mode of adjustment, when the flag of the Federal Union floats in security over all the national property, upborne in lively triumph by the martial airs of the United States, then, and not till then, the war will cease."

A DENUNCIATION OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The Mobile Register says that the enormity of the appeal of Douglas to the selfish passions of the people of the Northwest, tarnishes his fair fame as an enlightened and upright statesman. We confess that we have felt surprise, and mortification, and sorrow, in seeing him lead the old Democrats of Illinois into an unholy alliance with abolitionists, to make war on the South. In giving him up, our confidence in the nobility of man receives a fearful blow, and we can only recall with regret the unreserved devotion and energy we have lavished in his cause, when he stood to us the representative of the latent principle of constitutional conservatism burning brightly, but with a flickering light, amid the crumbling ruins of the old Government of the United States.

"SHAME, SHAME UPON MISSISSIPPI!"—Dr. M. W. PHILLIPS, associate editor of the *Southern Rural Gentleman*, (published at Grenada, Miss.,) and private secretary of JEFF. DAVIS, writes from Montgomery, to his journal of May 18th, the following: "We are, this moment, in receipt of yours. I cannot see how I can do better than return and push up corn, peas, and potatoes. My health is, if anything, worse. Fatigue of travel only wears me out.

"As to war news here, all is, and of right should be, ——. We hear less here than in Vicksburg or Jackson. All outside is in a ferment—old men and young—aye, even fair maidens are bent on the fight. Oh! how I feel for Mississippi, while her young men are willing to give up place, their all, and to the wars they go, the wealthy are hoarding their blood and treasure—a few honorable exceptions. We learn of men giving $100 who should give $10,000. We hear of heiresses, with unencumbered possessions of quarter and half millions, giving $250, when $25,000 would not equal the sacrifices of the young men. Shame! shame upon Mississippi!

"But less of this. We send you extracts from Kentucky. Shall we, of Mississippi, continue to send our millions to Louisville, and she arming against us? She not against us! "an armed neutrality!" God save the mark. A neutral out of the yoke, the collar, the pickle tub, is all nonsense. Let our people withhold all trade with Kentucky, as with Ohio and New York, and we will soon give them a pocket argument."

"Pocket arguments," indeed. We doubt not our friend PHILLIPS possesses a pair that are regular "collapses." Mississippi secedes, money secedes,—and we would not be at all surprised to hear that "chivalrous JEFF." found himself one of these fine mornings in Havana. It is too bad that "heiresses, with unencumbered possessions," will not give more freely,—still this defection is easily remedied so long as COBB and FLOYD are with the South. Just employ them, and if the "fit of abstraction" does not work satisfactorily, it will be because there is nothing to steal.

Spirit of the Hour.

THE secessionists had stored at Alexandria a large quantity of railroad iron, which was captured by the United States troops. Its value is estimated to be at least $100,000. It will, of course be confiscated, and applied to the service of the country they are trying to destroy.

WISCONSIN has thus far expended $175,000 for the war. This State proposes to keep three regiments in camp on its own account, and the Legislature, now in session, is taking steps to provide $50,000 worth of arms for them.

MILES GREENWOOD, of Cincinnati, has taken a contract to rifle 30,000 muskets for the State of Ohio. He is now turning out 100 per day, and will soon be able to finish 800.

DAVID HENRY HAIGHT, owner of the St. Nicholas Hotel, is in Washington. He proposes to erect ovens large enough to bake bread for all the troops in Washington, so as to secure a good and uniform quality. If the Government will furnish the site, Mr. Haight will be at the expense of erecting the ovens, and operating them free of cost during the occupancy of Washington by the troops.

THE Nashville Patriot says that "Tennessee does not propose to secede from the Union. She stands upon her right to be free, and intends to declare herself independent, as our revolutionary ancestors did."

THE New Orleans Bee gives up Maryland, and thinks that the Confederate States should rejoice at the prospect of her remaining in the Union, because she allows the Federal troops to remain within her borders.

THE Louisville Journal says:—"Jeff. Davis, as the head of the military operations in the South, has signally failed to fulfill Southern expectation. The enthusiastic confidence that was felt in him, is fast dying out. All the glowing predictions as to what he would do, have in rapid succession been falsified. His tete devotees have been looking daily for great results from his military movements, but they see nothing. This will never do, no, never. If Jeff. don't startle his Cotton State friends very soon, perhaps they will startle him."

GEN. SCOTT does not seem to agree with those Southern men, who, unsuccessful in bribing him, have turned round and declared that he has lost his faculties. He said the other day to some friends:—"This is my last campaign, gentlemen, and it shall be my best."

THOMAS CLAY, son of Henry Clay, says, in a letter recently written from Ashland, "I hold that the masses are everywhere honest, and have been precipitated by ambitious, unprincipled politicians in the South, into revolution."

THE report throughout Virginia is that Jeff. Davis says that he will yet take Washington, and that he will dine there on the 4th of July. And, also, that if Gen. Scott is caught, his head would be severed from his body, and a piece of his heart sent to South Carolina. Such a man is just fit to be the leader of rebels.

ONE of the Massachusetts Regiments stopped at the Astor on its way to Washington. Soon afterward Governor Andrew asked Mr. Stetson for the bill. His reply was, "The Astor House has no charge for feeding Massachusetts troops."

N. P. WILLIS, alluding to the promiscuous display of bunting in the city of New York, says "it seems as if Nature's entire stock of rainbows had been hung out to dry."

THE House bill to arm Kentucky was rejected, yeas 48, nays 42, the Constitution requiring 51 votes to appropriate over one hundred dollars. A resolution that the Governor's proclamation, of the 20th ult., contains the true position, that Kentucky should occupy during the strife between the United and Confederate States, was rejected. An act amending the State military law, by which the State Guard are required to swear to support the Constitution of the United States and Kentucky, passed, yeas 49, nays 38.

The Steam Vessels of the Navy.

THE following is a list of the vessels now in the navy propelled by steam:

	Guns.	Men.	Where stationed.
Niagara	13	400	Blockade Fleet.
Minnesota	40	400	Blockade Fleet.
Wabash	44	400	Ready for Commission.
San Jacinto	13	300	African Squadron
Lancaster	22	320	Pacific Squadron.
Brooklyn	25	300	Blockade Fleet.
Hartford	13	300	East Indies.
Richmond	14	300	Mediterranean.
Susquehannah	15	300	Mediterranean.
Powhatan	11	320	Blockade.
Saranac	9	350	Pacific.
Mohican	3	100	African Squadron.
Narragansett	3	100	Pacific.
Iroquois	6	100	Mediterranean
Pawnee	6	105	Blockade.
Harriet Lane	5	250	Blockade.
Wyoming	6	102	Pacific.
Dacotah	3	100	East Indies.
Seminole	3	100	Brazil.
Six purchased gun boats	32	450	Four Blockading, two on African Coast.

It is by no means improbable that the squadrons on foreign stations will be confined to sailing vessels, and that the steamers will be ordered home to take part in the active duties here. If the entire fleet were concentrated here, it would consist of twenty-two regular naval vessels, carrying two hundred and forty-eight guns, and manned by four thousand one hundred and forty-seven sailors and marines.

Truce between Harney and Price.

THE following are the terms of a truce agreed upon between Generals HARNEY and PRICE, which secures peace to Missouri as long as she remains true to the Union:

ST. LOUIS, May 21, 1861.

The undersigned, officers of the United States Government and of the Government of the State of Missouri, for the purpose of removing misapprehensions and allaying public excitement, deem it proper to declare publicly, that they have this day had a personal interview in this city, in which it has been mutually understood, without the semblance of dissent on either part, that each of them has no other than a common object equally interesting and important to every citizen of Missouri,—that of restoring peace and good order to the people of the State, in subordination to the laws of the general and State Governments.

It being thus understood, there seems no reason why every citizen should not confide in the proper officers of the General and State Governments to restore quiet; and as among the best means of offering no counter influences, we mutually recommend to all persons to respect each others rights, throughout the State, making no attempt to exercise unauthorized powers, as it is the determination of the proper authorities to suppress all unlawful proceedings which can disturb the public peace.

General Price, having, by commission, full authority over the militia of the State of Missouri, undertakes, with the sanction of the Governor of the State, already declared, to direct the whole of the State officers to maintain order within the State, among the people thereof; and Gen. Harney publicly declares, that this object being thus assured, he can have no occasion, as he has no wish, to make military movements which might otherwise create those excitements and jealousies which he most earnestly desires to avoid.

We, the undersigned, do therefore mutually enjoin upon the people of the State to attend to their civil business, of whatsoever sort it may be, and it is to be hoped that the unquiet elements which have threatened so seriously to disturb the public peace may soon subside, and be remembered only to be deplored.

(Signed) WM. S. HARNEY,
Brigadier General Commanding.
STERLING PRICE,
Major General Mo. State Guard.

The Advance Upon Virginia.

IN our last issue we chronicled the arrival of about 10,000 Federal soldiers in Virginia, this force being thrown over from Washington. During the past week large additions have been made, and while the object is occupation principally, several skirmishes and encounters have taken place, the more important of which we publish.

A force of cavalry and infantry, the former under Lieut. Tompkins, the latter under Lieut. Gordon, attacked the rebels at Fairfax Court House, at daybreak, June 1st. Our force met pickets of rebels about four miles this side of the hill, the rebels fleeing and alarming the camp. The cavalry then charged on the town, encountering vigorous resistance. They were fired at from houses on both sides of the streets. The following is the report of Lieut. Tompkins to Col. Hunter, his superior officer:

SIR:—I have the honor to report that pursuant to verbal instructions from Colonel commanding, I left, the evening of the 31st, in command of Company B, cavalry, to reconnoitre the country in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House. On approaching the town the picket was surprised and captured. Several documents were found in their possession, which I inclose.

On entering the town of Fairfax my command was fired at by rebel troops, from windows and housetops. I charged, and drove the mounted rifles from the town. Immediately two or three additional companies came to their relief, firing on us, which I returned. Perceiving I was largely outnumbered, I deemed it advisable to return, which I did in good order, with five prisoners fully armed and equipped, and two horses. My loss was three men missing, three slightly wounded, and six horses lost. Loss of rebels, 30 to 35 killed and wounded.

From observation, some judged the rebels at this point numbered 1,500 men. Captains Cary, Fearing, and Adjutant Frank of New York 5th, accompanied us, and I regret that the former was wounded in the foot. Lieutenant Gordon rendered valuable service. Prisoners, horses, arms and equipments, I have sent to Gen. Mansfield.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. H. TOMPKINS.

A gentleman direct from Fairfax Court House, states that during the night of the 2d inst., word came into the camp of the New York 28th Regiment, that the two dragoons missing from company B, which made the sally on Fairfax Court House, on Saturday morning, were captured by the rebel forces, and were to be hung this morning. Company B were immediately summoned from their quarters, and mounting, rode up to the Court House, and having ascertained by some means the precise location of their imprisoned comrades, made a dash through the village, and recovered the two men, whom they brought back in triumph to the camp at daybreak.

Five confined prisoners from Fairfax Court House have been brought to Washington, one of them a son of the late Major Washington, of the army. He said he did not want to fight against the United States, and made amends by taking the oath of allegiance. The other four refused to subscribe to it, and were detained.

From a message direct, at 10 o'clock on the 2d inst., from Aquia Creek, by the steamer Anacosta, the following accounts are detailed relative to the contest at Aquia Creek:—The engagement commenced on Friday, and lasted two hours. Saturday it was renewed, and continued twice that length of time. The lower, or beach battery, which had been so essentially damaged the day previous, had in the meantime been repaired by the Confederates in force, and had been reinforced, it is supposed, by 2,000 men. The Freeborn on Saturday approached to within about two miles of the shore early in the forenoon, and fired four or five shots, when the Pawnee entered into the coast list, taking position nearer to the land. For the first two hours the fire from the shore batteries was very brisk, but was returned with more expedition by the Pawnee. During the engagement she fired 160 shells, one of which was seen to explode immediately over the heads of the Confederates who were working the battery. It was observed, through a telescope, that numbers of bodies were carried away on wagons. During this time the shore movements were exceedingly brisk. The Freeborn lodging three shells in succession in the beach battery, perceptibly damaged the works, which had the effect to greatly diminish the fire. The Freeborn received three shots, one of which passed through the cabin, damaging some of the crockery, but not the vessel, except making a passage through the bulwarks, of slight consequence. The Pawnee received eight or nine shots, but all too high to inflict much damage. One struck the main top sail yard, which was thereby unslung. Another grazed the mizzen mast head, and passed through the hammock netting.

It is the opinion of the officers on board, that had the rebels been provided with good gunners, the vessels might probably have been sunk. Some of the Confederates' shots passed over the mast head to the Maryland shore. The Anacosta returned to Washington on the 2d. The Pawnee and Freeborn hauled off beyond the range of the enemy's fire.

The Railroad depot and buildings on the shore at Aquia Creek are all destroyed. The damage to the beach battery is not considered permanent, as the Confederates can soon repair it. It is safe to say that at least ten or twelve were killed on the part of the Confederates, but it is not known how many were wounded. All the officers concerned in the fight concurred in the opinion that the Confederates have rifled cannon—perhaps several. In all it is supposed about eight guns.

During the week, considerable movement has been made of Ohio troops in Western Virginia. On Monday, the 27th ult., Col. Kelly and command, and the first regiment of Virginia volunteers stationed at Wheeling, received marching orders. They left Wheeling at 7 o'clock in the morning, moving towards Grafton. After their departure the Ohio regiment, 1,000 strong, stationed at Bellair, under command of Col. Irvine, crossed the Ohio and followed Col. Kelly's command. The 14th Ohio regiment, Col. Stedman, crossed the Ohio about the same time and occupied Parkersburg. At midnight of Monday the rebels evacuated Grafton in great haste, and Col. Kelly took possession.

Before crossing the Ohio, Major-General McClellan issued a proclamation to the Union men of Western Virginia, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF OHIO,
CINCINNATI, May 26, 1861.

To the Union Men of Western Virginia

The Government has long enough endured the machinations of a few factious rebels in your midst. Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls, and having failed in the infamous attempt to deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus force you to yield to their schemes and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy dignified by the name of the Southern Confederacy. They are destroying the property of citizens of your State and your magnificent railroads. The General Government has carefully abstained from sending troops across the Ohio, or even from posting them along the banks, although frequently urged by many of your prominent citizens to do so. It determined to await the result of the State election, desirous that none might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made to influence, from this side, the free expression of your opinions. Although the many agencies brought to bear on you by the rebels are well known, you have now shown, under the most adverse circumstances, that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent Government under which we and our fathers have lived so long. As soon as the result of the election was known, the traitors commenced their work of destruction. The General Government cannot close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river, and they come as your friends and brothers, and as enemies only to accursed rebels who are preying on you. Your homes, your families and your property are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected, notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe that our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves. Understand one thing clearly, not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part. Now that we are in your midst, I call on you to fly to arms and support the General Government. Sever the connection that binds you to traitors. Proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion, are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you still remain true to the Stars and Stripes. G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

CINCINNATI, June 3.—Two columns of General McClellan's command, one of Col. Kelley, of the Virginia volunteers, and the other under the command of Col. Crittenden, composed of the Indiana volunteers, left Grafton early last night, and after marching during the entire night, about twenty miles through a drenching rain, surprised a camp of rebels, 2,000 strong, at Phillipi, Virginia, and routed them, killing fifteen, and capturing a large amount of arms, horses, ammunition, provisions and camp equipage. The surprise was complete, and at the last advices the Federal troops were in hot pursuit of the Rebels. It is probable that many prisoners will be taken. Col. Kelly was mortally wounded, and has since died. Several others of the Federal troops were slightly wounded.

Affairs at Washington.

THE United States Government has satisfactory information to the effect that the Commissioners of the Confederate States of America have met in England a decided refusal to recognize their pretensions. Lord John Russell, with whatever of uncertainty he may have expressed himself on other points, made no concealment in regard to this matter. The same information comes from the French Government. The Emperor and M. Thouvenel were decided. Information to the foregoing effect has been received by Diplomats in Washington, and the news is well credited, and is a matter of discussion in diplomatic circles.

Gen. James Watson Webb has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil.

The revenue laws require vessels entering a port with informal papers to be seized, but inasmuch as those coming from the South, where the Custom Houses are in possession of insurrectionary parties, cannot obtain the proper clearances, the Secretary of the Treasury, with a view of remedying the embarrassments and trouble under these circumstances, has decided that in all cases where it appears that this was no fault on the part of commanders, the latter shall not be compelled to go into court, but on the correct representation of the collectors where the vessels arrive, the fines and fees which the law imposes shall be remitted.

As there seems to be some sensitiveness in business circles, about the seizure of telegraphic dispatches in all the principal Northern cities and towns, and an apprehension that private transactions may be made public, it may not be improper to re-assure the public that there is no danger of such exposure. The War Department has instructed a commission composed of highly respectable gentlemen, whose business is to examine all the dispatches under strict injunctions of secrecy, and after having selected those of treasonable character, to re-seal and return mere business transactions. All the dispatches seized at the various telegraph offices are to be thus examined. The business of this commission assumes somewhat that of the dead letter office in the Post-Office Department, and will be conducted with the same secrecy, and a rigid regard to private rights and interests.

Col. Butler, a brother of the General, arrived on the 29th ult. with dispatches for the Government. He had a long interview with members of the Cabinet on the 30th ult. He reports that more than three hundred slaves have sought refuge within the United States lines. Gen. Butler desires that instructions may be sent back by his brother in regard to the method of dealing with these contraband articles. Col. Butler returned to Fortress Monroe, bearing the following letter of instruction to his brother:

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1861.

SIR:—Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines from the service of the rebels, is approved. The Department is sensible of the embarrassments which must surround officers conducting military operations in a State in which laws of slavery are sanctioned. The Government cannot recognize the rejection by any State of its Federal obligation resting upon itself. Of these Federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and disposing of any combination of the former for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority.

While, therefore, you will permit no interference by persons under your command with the relations of persons held to service, under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who come within your lines. You will employ such persons in service to which they will be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and of the value of the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for further deliberation.

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Carl Schurz has been deprived of the gratification of proceeding with his brigade to Fortress Monroe. His leave of absence as Minister to Spain, has been revoked, and he will at once enter on the discharge of his duties at Madrid.

The Secretary of the Treasury on the 29th ult., telegraphed to the Collector at Cincinnati, in order to facilitate supplies of goods to the loyal citizens of Western Virginia, entering at the port of Wheeling, that section being exempted from the restriction of the blockade.

Our Minister to England, Mr. Adams, arrived in London on the 13th of May. In expectation of his coming, an arrangement had been made by Lord John Russell to receive him on Tuesday, and for his presentation to the Queen on Thursday. Lord John Russell, however, was out of town, caused by the death of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, and Mr. Adams was presented by Lord Palmerston. Everything pertaining to the reception was understood to have been marked by entire cordiality, and by friendship. Important dispatches from the State Department were received by Mr. Adams on the 17th, and he immediately arranged for an early interview. The attitude of the British Government, it is believed, has not yet been decisively ascertained to the satisfaction of the Administration at Washington.

Emerson Etheridge arrived from Tennessee via. Louisville, and says East Tennessee will show a large majority for the Union, and if the rest of the State goes for disunion, a civil war is inevitable. In the middle and much of Western Tennessee, no Union speakers or newspapers are allowed. Soldiers are distributed through the State to overawe voters. Disunionists are well armed. Unionists without arms cannot compete with rebel troops.

Capt. Ward has made an official report to the Secretary, of the revival of the bombardment at Aquia Creek, commencing at 11.30, and terminating, from the fatigue of the men—the day being warm, and the firing on his side incessant—at 4.30, making a duration of five hours. He says:—"The firing on shore was scarcely so spirited at any time as yesterday. The heights were abandoned, the guns apparently having been transferred to the earthworks at the railroad termination, to replace the battery silenced by us on Friday. During the last hour of the engagement, only two or three shots were thrown from the shore."

By the end of the week, the Government expects to have 25,000 men in Virginia near Alexandria, 20,000 at Grafton, and the same number near Harper's Ferry, 15,000 at Fortress Monroe, and 10,000 around Baltimore, Annapolis and the Relay House.

DEATH OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.

THE following brief telegram was received here yesterday P. M.:

CHICAGO, June 3.—Senator Douglas died at ten minutes past nine o'clock this morning. Those in attendance at the time were Mrs. Douglas, Dr. Miller, Mrs. Cutts, J. Madison Cutts, Jr., of Washington; D. P. Rhodes, of Cleveland; Dr. McVicker, Spence C. Benham, and Dr. Hay, of Chicago. His remains will be taken from here on Wednesday to Washington.

The following order on the death of Senator Douglas has been issued from the War Department:

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 4.

The death of a great statesman in this hour of peril cannot be regarded otherwise than as a national calamity. Stephen A. Douglas expired in the commercial capital of Illinois yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock. A representative of the overpowering sentiments enlisted in the cause in which we are engaged—a man who nobly discarded party for country—a Senator who forgot all prejudices in an earnest desire to serve the public—a statesman who lately received for the Chief Magistracy of the United States a vote second only to that by which the President was elected, and who had every reason to look forward to a career of usefulness and honor—a patriot who defended with equal zeal and ability the Constitution, as it came to us from our fathers, and whose last mission upon earth was that of rallying the people of his own State of Illinois around the glorious flag of our Union, has been called from the scene of his life and the field of his labors.

This department recognizing in his decease a loss in common with the whole country, and profoundly sensible of the grief it will excite among millions of men, hereby advises the colonels of the different regiments to have this order read to their respective commands, and suggests that the colors of the Republic be dressed in mourning in honor of the illustrious dead. SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

THE Pony Express arrived at Fort Kearney on the 28th ult. We gather the following intelligence:

Both Houses of the Legislature decided to adjourn on the 20th, and are raking up unfinished business. The most important measure of State policy adopted is the passage of a law offering 5,000,000 acres of the School lands, belonging to the State, for sale in limited quantities at $1.25 per acre on liberal credit. A system for reclaiming and bringing into market vast tracts of swamp and overflowed lands, belonging to the State has also been entered on.

A series of Union resolutions, touching the State fealty to the General Government, and her readiness to comply with any requisition for aid to suppress rebellion, have passed both houses by large majorities.

Both Houses have adopted a resolution calling on the Federal Congress to afford protection to the Overland Mail and telegraph routes.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Capitol was the occasion of an imposing demonstration on the 15th.

As an evidence of the military spirit pervading, the San Francisco woolen factory has within ten days turned out 1,000 uniforms completely made, and blankets for that number of men, to fill orders for that city and Marysville.

At a Union meeting held in Alexandria Co., Thursday evening, Senator McDougal said, in the course of an address, that treasonable organizations now exist in this State, who are endeavoring to get possession of the Government. The meeting passed resolutions distrusting the fidelity of several officers of the State militia, and expressing a reluctance to serve under them.

The Humboldt *Times* of the 11th states that J. B. Collins arrived there on the 1st from the mountains, and reports that two engagements have been had since the last advices, resulting in the death of fifteen Indians. The troops were still hunting the straggling parties of the savages who have not fled beyond reach.

The Overland Mail Company have sent a detachment of men from Los Angelos with eight six-horse teams and forty horses to Salt Lake. The Company are removing their stock to the central line as far as possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The following is the proclamation of the Queen:

Whereas, We are happily at peace with all Sovereign Powers and States; and,

Whereas, Hostilities have unhappily commenced between the Government of the United States and certain States calling themselves Confederate States of America; and,

Whereas, We, being at peace with the Government of the United States, have declared it our royal determination to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the contest between the contending parties;

We, therefore, have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to issue our royal proclamation, and we hereby warn all order-loving subjects, and all persons who are entitled to our protection, that if any of them shall presume, in contempt of this proclamation and of our high displeasure, to do any acts in derogation of their duty as subjects of a neutral Sovereign in said contest, or in violation or contravention of the law of nations, and more especially by entering the military service of either of the contending parties, as commissioned or non-commissioned officers or soldiers, or by serving as officers, sailors or marines on board any ship, vessel of war or transport of or in service of either of the contending parties, or by engaging to, or going to any place beyond the seas, with intent to enlist or engage in any such service, by procuring, or attempting to procure, within Her Majesty's dominions, at home or abroad, others to do so, or by fitting out any ship or vessel to be employed as a ship-of-war, or privateer, or transport by either of the contending parties, or by breaking, or endeavoring to break, any blockade, lawfully and actually established by or on behalf of either of said contending parties, or by carrying officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms, military stores or materials, or any article considered and deemed to be contraband of war, according to law or modern usage of nations, for the use of either of said contending parties, all parties so offending will incur and be liable to the special penalties and penal consequences, by said statutes, or by law of nations in that behalf, imposed.

And we do hereby declare that all our subjects, and persons entitled to our protection, who misconduct themselves in the premises, will do so at the peril of their own wrong, and they will in no wise obtain any protection from us against any liabilities or penal consequences, but will, on the contrary, incur our displeasure by such conduct.

Given at Richmond Park, May 13th.

In the House of Lords on the 11th inst., the Earl of Ellenborough asked the Government whether the term "lawful blockade," used in the recent proclamation, was to be interpreted literally, or with qualifications, according to the strict meaning of the Paris agreement. It was impossible to maintain an effective blockade. He complained of the vagueness of the proclamation in regard to contraband of war.

The Earl of Granville replied that lawful blockade must be maintained by a sufficient force, but it was not absolutely necessary to render all ingress or egress impossible, but to render it extremely difficult. In respect to certain other questions, he stated that certain articles were clearly contraband of war, but others depended upon special circumstances and contingencies, which could only be decided by the court, and which it was impossible to decide beforehand.

The Earl of Derby said there were two points on which it was desirable the Government should come to an understanding with the United States. They proclaim a blockade of the whole Southern States, which they had not the force to maintain. Although they could lawfully blockade certain ports, it was not desirable that they should proclaim a universal blockade, but only maintain a partial one. The Northern States also declare that they should treat privateers as pirates, but they could not do so according to the law of nations, and it was desirable that, notwithstanding the proclamation, it should be declared such penalty upon British subjects would not be viewed with indifference by England.

Lord Brougham said privateering, according to international law, was not piracy, but to join an expedition against a government at peace with England, was a piratical act. To constitute a sufficient blockade, such a force must be maintained as to make the passage of it impossible, but this was very difficult.

Lord Chelmsford denied the doctrine of Lord Brougham relative to privateers.

Lord Granville said that Earl Granville had laid down the law correctly with respect to the blockade and contraband of war. The subjects of another power holding letters of marque were not guilty of piracy.

Lord Kerrydowe said that the Northern States might consider the people of the Southern States rebels and guilty of high treason, but this would not apply to the subjects of other powers becoming privateers.

Queen Victoria held court at Buckingham Palace on the 16th inst., at which Mr. Dallas delivered his letter of recall, and presented Mr. Adams to Her Majesty.

FRANCE.—During a debate in the Senate on the petition to extend the French occupation of Syria, M. Bilant explained that France would evacuate Syria on June 5th, and if evil result ensued, the responsibility will rest on those who demand the withdrawal.

France will leave six vessels to cruise off Beirut, and English and Russian ships will act in concert with them.

ITALY.—Kossuth had arrived at Turin. Klapka had gone to see Garibaldi, and returns to meet Kossuth.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Flour firm, but quiet, at 28s6d@30s6d. Wheat steady, at 11s6d@12s6d for red, and 12s6d@13s for white. Corn quiet, with a decline of of 3d since Tuesday. Mixed and yellow 34s3d@35s; white 35s@36s.

Provisions.—Lard heavy. Cheese 2s@3s. On the week, owing to large arrivals, tallow was quiet, and partially declined. Butcher's is quoted at 64s@64s6d.

The News Condenser.

— June 1st was the 76th birth day of Gen. Scott.

— The population of France is thirty-six million.

— There are 10,000 soldiers at Camp Dennison, Ohio.

— Vermont offers ten regiments to the Federal Government.

— The tax on a house dog in England is three dollars a year.

— England and France have had an unusually cold spring since March.

— The small pox is raging in the confederate rabble at Harper's Ferry.

— Martin F. Conway is the Republican candidate for Congress in Kansas.

— The Michigan First Regiment are said to be the best shots in the army.

— Two million dollars in gold arrived in New York, from Europe, last week.

— The mad-dog season has arrived, and several have appeared in New York.

— John G. Stephenson, of Indiana, has been appointed Librarian to Congress.

— Aurelius Conkling, Clerk of the U. S. Court, died at Buffalo, Monday week.

— A Spanish squadron, with three thousand troops, has sailed for St. Domingo.

— The amount of gold mined in New South Wales is largely increasing every month.

— The Louisville Journal says J. C. Breckinridge will take his seat as U. S. Senator.

— The Hicksite Friends are now holding their anniversary in the city of New York.

— The steam frigate Minnesota is ordered to join the blockading fleet off Charleston.

— That fifteen million loan, so often taken in the Confederate States, is still offered.

— Ira Gould & Son, of Montreal, offer to take, at par, $1,000,000 of the U. S. loan.

— The Cape May (N. J.) Wave represents the prospects of the fruit crop as remarkably good.

— An injunction has been issued against the Sandford Bank of Maine, and receivers appointed.

— Many of the rivers in Siberia are lined at the sides and bottom with a constant crust of ice.

— Susan Durant, an eminent English sculptoress, is just now attracting much attention in Europe.

— Butter is selling in the streets of Auburn at 10 cents per pound. Norfolk (Va.) papers please copy.

— The Montgomery government estimates the force, armed and equipped, which it can control, at 175,000.

— Capt. Derby, of the U. S. Army, widely known as "John Phœnix," died a few days since, near New York.

— They have a white whale, weighing two thousand five hundred pounds, at the Aquarial Garden, Boston.

— Galusha A. Grow and Frank P. Blair, Jr., are named for the Speakership of the House of Representatives.

— Victoria's "Sailor Prince" is to visit this country as a midshipman—attending no public balls or festivals.

— The taxes of New York city now amount to twelve million dollars, equal to two per. cent of its real value.

— The foreign ministers at Washington express great satisfaction at the loyalty of the Federal troops there.

— The financial reporter of the Nashville Advocate, May 16, says gold sells in that city at 15 per cent. premium.

— A home for inebriates, which recently went into operation in California, has been attended with the best results.

— A negro insurrection at Des Arc, Ark., has just been suppressed. One white man and three negroes were hung.

— The next term of the Court of Appeals, for the hearing of arguments, will be held at Albany, on Tuesday, June 11.

— One hundred and fifty thousand pounds were given in private charity to the poor of London, during the past year.

— The foreign consuls who fled from the capital of Japan have returned to their posts, under assurances of protection.

— Rev. Hosea Ballou, President of Tuft's College, at Somerville, Mass., and a leading Universalist clergyman, is dead.

— A Baltimore builder has contracted to ship five hundred houses to Cuba—parts all marked and numbered for putting up.

— There is at present a snow bank in Buckland, Mass., eight or ten feet deep, and covering nearly a quarter of an acre.

— A company of Union soldiers will be immediately organized in Alexandria, Va., composed entirely of citizens of that place.

— Colonel Anderson, though an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, was not recognized by a single Southern Mason.

— St. Paul, Minn., displays about fifty flags, nearly all made out of flannel, the people being too patriotic to use cotton.

— The New York Bible Society have already supplied Testaments to members of twenty-one of the volunteer regiments.

— Major General Sandford has made his head-quarters at Fairfax C. H., a town in Virginia, some twenty miles from Alexandria.

— Garibaldi has a strong affection for the United States. "That is a spot," said he, "in which man forgets his own native land."

— Rev. Nathan Ward, M. D., missionary of the American Board to Ceylon, died on October 30, of disease of the heart, on his way out.

— At a recent sale in London, eighty manuscript poems of Burns, in his own hand-writing, many of them unpublished, were disposed of.

— The whole embodied militia of Great Britain is but 149,-052 in number, a little more than one-third of that of the State of New York.

— Parson Brownlow floats a Union flag on his domicil in Knoxville, in the face of 2,500 secession troops, and his daughter defends it.

— George Ashman, who has just returned from Canada, says that the feeling there is strong and unanimous in favor of the United States.

— Only four of the so-called slave States—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—can now be regarded as adhering to the Union.

— A ship from Charleston, bearing the Palmetto flag, was lately refused entrance into Havre. She ran up the American flag, and then ran in.

— An old farmer in Southern Illinois, seeing the cannon at Cairo, remarked "that them brass missionaries had converted a heap of folks."

— The Southern rebels are trying to rob Gen. Taylor of his laurels. They have the impudence to call Davis "the glorious hero of Buena Vista!"

— The Southern papers are publishing a biographical sketch of Gen. Butler, representing that he is a negro, and that his troops are negroes.

— The Union defence committee of New York city have expended, in equipping and provisioning the various regiments of that city, $425,000.

— The Montgomery junto has adjourned to meet in Richmond on the 20th of June—wonder if the resolution specified where they were to meet there?

— Major J. L. Doty, aged 62 years, and Col. Lyman Hinman, aged 63 years, two of the most prominent citizens of Auburn, N. Y., died on Friday week.

— Immense quantities of rain have recently fallen in the Holy Land. The cisterns at Jerusalem have been filled as they have not been before in 200 years.

— Rev. Isaac Rosser, of the Methodist Protestant Church, eighty years of age, and Miss Sarah Childs, aged ninety, were united in wedlock at Atlanta, Ga., a few weeks ago.

— The number of soldiers at Cairo, or in its immediate vicinity, is 5,000. The place is well fortified, and both the Mississippi and the Ohio are commanded by cannon.

Special Notices.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

To those who wish to purchase a perfect "COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER," we would say that "BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER" is manufactured at the Auburn Prison by Messrs. ROSS, DODGE & POMROY, sole proprietors for the State of New York, for the use of these valuable patents. The machine is made of the best materials, and warranted to be a perfect Mower or Reaper, and to cut easily, without clogging, any kind of grain or grass, either wet or dry.

The Mower has a Cast Steel Cutter Bar, 4 feet 4 inches cut, with polished wrought iron guards, plated in the Slot with Cast Steel, and tempered.

The Reaping attachment has a Finger Bar and polished wrought iron guards attached to it, with a Sickle-edged Knife, which, for cutting grain, is far better than the smooth-edge mowing knives generally used. By means of the separate Finger Bar and Sickle, they are enabled to make the Reaper cut either 5 or 6 foot swath, and dispense with the heavy Mowing Bar when reaping.

The Combined Reaper and Mower is delivered to the purchaser for the sum of $150, for a six months' note without interest, or $145 cash. The Mower is $30 less.

The agents for Monroe County are [565-6te

J. W. HANNAH, of Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y.
DANIEL KINGSLEY, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—Pursuant to adjournment of the Annual Meeting for 1861, the Spring Meeting of this Society will be held at the Court House in Syracuse, June 25th, 1861, at 10 o'clock A. M.

By order of the Council. C. P. BISSELL, Secretary.

To All Our Readers.

☞ *Back Numbers of this Volume Free!* ☜

To all who subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER from May 1st to end of the Year and Volume—eight months—we will, if desired, send the back numbers (from Jan'y 1st) *Free.* This offer (to be continued for a month, and perhaps until July 1st,) will enable many who were unable to subscribe at the beginning of the year, or later, to secure the entire volume at *less than cost of publication.*

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps,* as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 4, 1861.

FLOUR.—We note an advance on best grades, from winter wheat, equal to 25 cents per barrel. That made from spring wheat is unchanged.

GRAIN.—Genesee Wheat is in better demand and has put on 5 cents per bushel. In other kinds of grain there is but little activity.

MEATS.—Pork, both mess and clear, has fallen off $1,00 per barrel. Hams have declined 50 cents per 100 pounds.

DAIRY.—Butter is coming in very freely and as the demand decreases a decline follows.

SHEEP PELTS have lost 12@25 cents during the week.

WOOL.—We mark down rates materially. Buyers feel sore on account of last year's purchases, and are unwilling to give more than 20@30 cents per pound as to quality. They maintain that these will be opening rates, but in another week or two they may conclude to do something better. The rates cannot well be lower, and we would advise those who can wait, to hold the clip until the prospects brighten.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	8@9c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	12@14
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	11@12
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	13@13
Meal, Indian	1,00@1,12	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,15@1,30	Apples, bushel	50@62c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,45	Apples, dried, ⅌ ℔	2@2½
Corn, old	00@46c	Peaches, dried, ⅌ ℔	11@13
Corn, new	00@45	Cherries, dried	10@11
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush	55@56	Plums, dried	10@12
Oats, by weight	27@28	Potatoes	75@80
Barley	50@50	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	35@40	Slaughter	3½@4
Beans	$1@1,25	Calf	6@7
Meats.		Sheep Pelts	50@150c
Pork, Mess	$16,50@17,00	Lamb Pelts	25@31
Pork, clear	19,00@20,00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	6,00@6,00	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	8@10	Wood, soft	3,00@3,00
Shoulders	6½@7	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	9@10	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	10@11	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@50	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44	Coal, Char	10@12½
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	1,40@1,45
Butter, roll	10@11	Hay, ton	8,00@13,00
Butter, firkin	9@10	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@11	Wool, ⅌ ℔	20@30c
Lard, tried	9½@9¾	Whitefish, half bbl	3,75@4,25
Tallow, rough	6½@6	Codfish, ⅌ quintal	4,00@4,75
Tallow, tried	7½@8	Trout, half bbl	3,75@4,25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 3.—FLOUR.—Market dull and heavy, and may be quoted about 5c lower on common and medium grades, with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $4,90@5,00 for superfine State, $5,10@5,30 for extra do., $4,85@4,95 for superfine Western; $4,95@5,25 for common to medium extra do., $4,40@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, and $5,70@7,25 for trade brands do.—the market closing heavy. Canadian flour dull and drooping, with only a moderate business doing. Sales at $5,10@7,00 for common to good extra, and $7,25@7,50 for choice and favorite brands. Rye flour continues steady, with small sales at $3,10@4,00 for common to choice superfine. Corn meal steady, with small sales at $4,20 for Brandywine and $3 00 for Jersey.

GRAIN.—Wheat market heavy and 1@2c lower for common and inferior grades, while good and sound parcels are scarce and rule steady with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption; sales Chicago spring at $1@1,12; Northwestern club at $1,15@1,15, Milwaukee club at $1 0@1,16, winter red Western at $1,30@1,31, Racine spring at $1,12@1,17, amber Iowa at $1,18@1,20, Canada club at $1,14@1,20 amber Kentucky at $1-3@1,33, white Western at $1,35@1,40, white Michigan at $1,50@1,60, white Kentucky at $1,70. Rye quiet, with sales at 66@67c. Barley is heavy and dull, with sales at 65@66c. Barley malt continues dull and nominal at 80c. Peas remain quiet at 70c for Canadian. Corn market heavy, and may be again quoted 1@2c lower, with a very fair business doing for home consumption, sales at 46c for old mixed Western, 40@46c for inferior to prime new mixed Western, and 47@48c for new Western yellow. Oats plenty and in limited request, with sales at 31@32½c. for Western and Canadian, and 33@33½c. for State.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market dull and drooping, sales at $16,87@17 for mess; $12,25@12,50 for prime. Beef remains dull, sales at $4@4,60 for country prime, $5,87@6,25 for country mess, $10@11 for re-packed mess, and $11,25@11,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged at $17,00@18,00. Beef hams quiet and steady, sales at $13 for State and $15 for Western. Cut meats dull and without change with sales at 5@5½c for Shoulders, and 6@6½c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 9½@11½c for Hams, 7@8c for Shoulders, and 8½c for sides. Bacon dull and prices nominally unchanged. Lard market is dull, and prices are drooping, sales at 9@9½c. for No. 1 to prime Western. Butter is selling at 8@14c for Ohio, and 8@16c for State. Cheese steady and quiet, and selling at 3@8c for inferior to prime.

ASHES.—Steady and firm at $5,37½ for Pots, and $4,62½ for Pearls.

ALBANY, June 3.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The storm tended to check out-door business, and but little was done in Flour this morning.

Common to good State	$4,90@5,05
Fancy and extra State	6 15@6,30
Common to good Western	5 25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,31@7,25
Extra Ohio	6,25@7,25
Common Canadian	5,00@5,65
Extra Canadian	5,75@7,50
Fancy Genesee	6,25@6,75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,25@7,50
Extra Kentucky	6,25@7,50

Corn meal is lower, and is selling at $1,00@1,12½ ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—In wheat nothing transpired. There were further sales on Saturday of white Canadian at $1,45, and white Michigan at $1,67. Corn very quiet at 45@46c for round yellow and mixed Western. Barley quiet. Rye steady, with sales at 64½c. In Oats there is but little doing and the market is if anything easier, sales State at 32½c, Canada East held at 30c.

BUFFALO, June 3.—FLOUR.—Market quiet and steady; sales since Saturday noon, $4,12½ for rye flour, $4,37½@5,00 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5,00@5,37½ for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio, $5 50@6,25 for double extras, and $6,37½@6,00 for favorite bakers brands in retail lots.

WHEAT.—The market is flat, and with the exception of Milwaukee club at 97c, not a single sale has been reported this morning. CORN—Market dull and tendency downward. Sales Saturday afternoon at 34c. This morning, 17,000 bu. yellow at same. OATS—The market is quiet and nominal at 24c. Barley dull at 50@51c. Rye, last sale was at 50c for Western. Peas nominal at 50@52c.

SEEDS.—Timothy dull at $2,25, and Clover at $4,37½@5,62½.

BEANS.—Market quiet and nominal at $1,12½@1,37½ as to quality.

PROVISIONS.—Dull and nothing doing.

TORONTO, June 1.—FLOUR.—The market for flour has been without any special feature of change during the week. The demand for the lower grades has been dull, and to effect sales a slight reduction has been submitted to. For the higher qualities there has been a moderately active inquiry, and prices remain firm at last week's figures. For superfine very favorite brands have been placed in small lots at $4.60, but equally good flour, with hardly so good a reputation, has been sold at $4.55, while to sell any quantity $4.50 could not now be had. Fancy is only in moderate stock, and is pretty firmly held at $5@5 ,15. Extra is inquired for, and quoted at $5.75@6. Double extra of ordinary brands is held steadily at $6.25@6.50, though favorite brands are still bringing $6.70 and even $7 per barrel.

GRAIN.—Fall wheat has been in very active request, especially for the whitest samples for immediate shipment to New England States. For ordinary to good loads $1 20@1.23 is freely paid, and for good to prime $1.25@1 28, and in one or two cases $1 30 for extra prime lots has been paid. The average for the week's purchases would not fall far short of $1 25 per bushel.—Spring wheat is in fair request, without much buoyancy in the demand. From farmers the deliveries are limited, and wagoon loads are sold at 95c@$1 ⅌ bushel, with an occasional purchase at a shade higher. Barley is in demand for the local breweries alone at a considerable reduction in price. The current rate is now 40@43c ⅌ bushel, with very small offerings. Rye is scarce and nominal at 50@55c. ⅌ bushel. Oats remain steady at the improvement noted last week. The current quotation being 28@30c ⅌ bushel, and even higher for small lots of the best rarity. Peas are in active request for shipment, with only moderate supplies, from 45@50c ⅌ bushel are the prevalent rates, at which the market is firm.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality	$8 75@9,25
Ordinary quality	8,00@8,50
Common quality	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality	7,00@7,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality	22,00@28,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ ℔	6 @6½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5 c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality	$5,00@6,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,50@4,00
Inferior quality	3,00@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality	4¼@4⅝c
Other qualities	3¾@4 c

ALBANY, June 3.—BEEVES.—There is very little change to note this week beyond the fact that there is, perhaps, more inquiry for extra, and the best of this grade commands ⅛c ⅌ ℔. live weight, better than last week. For other grades prices are unchanged. The average quality is very fair, there being a large number of prime still fed in the yards.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor week last year
Cattle	3,780	3,968	4,210
Sheep	2,356	3,720	3,563
Hogs			114

PRICES.—We have simply to make a slight alteration in our quotations for extra and second quality:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @ c	0 @ c
Extra	4½@4¾c	4½@4½c
First quality	4 @4¼c	4 @4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Third quality	2¾@3 c	2¾@3 c

SHEEP.—There is less on the market this week, but no improvement in prices. Demand light. One lot of 400 Ohios, averaging over 90 lbs. was sold to an Eastern buyer at 4c ⅌ ℔. A drove (one car load) of strictly extra, for which 5c, off the cars, was refused. This, however, is no extreme figure.

HOGS.—Supply large for the season, and market dull at 5@5¼ for heavy stock hogs, 5¼@5c for light do, 3½c for fat still fed, 4¼@4½c for heavy corn-fed.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, May 29.—At market 460 cattle, about 400 beeves and 60 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices, extra, $6,25@6,62, first quality, $6,00@0,00, second quality, $5,50@0,00, third quality, $0,00; ordinary quality, $0,00.
WORKING OXEN.—$100@180.
COWS AND CALVES.—$30, $40@60.
STORES.—Yearlings, $0@0, two years old, $00@00; three years old, $00@00.
SHEEP AND LAMBS.—1,600 at market. Prices—in lots $1,50, @2,00, extra and selections, $2,75@5,00 each. Spring Lambs from $2,50@4,50 each.
PELTS.—25c@$1,00 each.
TALLOW.—5½@6c ⅌ ℔.
HIDES.—4½@5c. ⅌ ℔. CALF SKINS.—8@9c ⅌ ℔.
VEAL CALVES.—$3,00@6.

BRIGHTON, May 30.—At market—1,100 Beef Cattle, 55 stores, 1,600 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,500 Swine.
BEEF CATTLE.—Prices, extra, $6.75@0,00; 1st quality, $6.50@0,00, 2d do, $6,00@0,00, 3d do, $5,75@0,00.
WORKING OXEN.—$100, $130@140.
MILCH COWS.—$39@40, common, $18@19.
VEAL CALVES.—$3,00@5,00.
STORES.—Yearlings, $0@0; two-years old, $16@17; three years old, $18@19.
HIDES.—4½@5c ⅌ ℔.
CALF SKINS.—8@9c ⅌ ℔.
TALLOW.—6@6c. ⅌ ℔.
PELTS.—$1@1,25 each.
SHEEP AND LAMBS.—$1,25@1,50; extra, $2 00@3,50.
SWINE.—Store, wholesale, 6@8c, retail, 6@9c. Fat Hogs, still fed, 4½c, corn fed, 5½c. Spring Pigs, 11@11c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 30.—There is some little demand for low and medium grades, but fine qualities are very dull, the present want of confidence in business circles and the near approach of a new clip all has a tendency to check operations, the sales are 50,000 lbs low medium to full blood domestic fleeces at 30@40c, 25,000 lbs washed Spanish and 100 bales East India on private terms.

American Saxony Fleece, ⅌ ℔	50@55
American full-blood Merino	45@48
American half blood and three-fourths Merino	38@42
American Native and one-fourth Merino	33@35
Extra Pulled	36@40
Superfine, Pulled	30@35
No. 1, Pulled	22@25
Lamb's, Pulled	27@30
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	26@33
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	30@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South American Mes. unwashed	10@28
South American Merino, unwashed	16@33
South American, common washed	10@13
South American Entre Rios, do.	13@15
South American, unwashed	9@10
South American Cordova, washed	20½@22
Cape Good Hope unwashed	25@28
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@15
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@14
Smyrna, washed	23@26
Mexican, unwashed	11@24

BOSTON, May 30.—In fleece and pulled wool there is no change. The market is firm for all kinds of low and medium grades, with a reduced stock of this discription. The sales of the week have been 250,000 lbs at 34@40c for fleece and 20@40c for No. 1, and extra pulled. Fine grades of fleece are neglected. In foreign sales of 250 bales Mediterranean and South American, and a considerable lot of unwashed African on private terms.

Saxony and Merino, fine	47@55	Western mixed	30@30
Full blood	44@47	Smyrna, washed	15@26
½ and ¾ blood	36@43	Do. unwashed	9@17
Common	30@33	Syrian	10@23
Pulled, extra	38@45	Cape	19@50
Do. Superfine	30@39	Crimea	9@17
Do. No 1	25@30	Buenos Ayres	9@43
Do. No 2	16@20	Peruvian, washed	20@30

TORONTO, June 1.—We have yet but slight indications of the opening rate for wool, although 20c ⅌ ℔. will probably be the speculative price paid at first. We are glad to learn there is some probability of a demand direct from England, and as a great deal of the Canadian product was exported thence from New York last year after changing hands, there is no reason why our dealers should not sell directly to the English importers. The crop this season will be abundant, and it is very much to be desired, now that farmers are giving so much attention to this branch of production, that a good rate should be realized. It may possibly happen that after all the American difficulties may contribute to the establishment of a direct trade with England in wool, which of course must result in better prices to the producer, inasmuch as the profit of the American dealer is saved. We hope to have something more definite on this point in a week or two.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

100 Agents Wanted.—Both male and female, to act as Local or Traveling Agents. Liberal wages will be paid. For terms, &c., apply or address L. L. TODD & CO., 112 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass. 595-4t.

A LADY of the Episcopal Church wishes to engage as Lady's Companion, or as Governess to young children in a pious family. Would prefer the country. Satisfactory references can be given. Address box 231, Woodstock, Canada West. 595-3t

Jersey Bull, Devon Bull and Chester WHITE PIGS.—For sale, a full blood Jersey Bull of Henshaw's herd—a very superior animal. The thorough-bred bull Thane of Devon, (Hurlburt's stock,) out of Lady Smith (1364) by Taurus. Also several litters of Chester Pigs, of Thos. Wood's choice stock, at reduced prices. 595-2t
Address D. CUTTS NYE, Lexington, Mass.

E. KENDALL & CO.,
New-Lebanon Springs, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
ANEROID BAROMETERS.

Retail price, $7.00 in plain box, $8.00 in fancy box. When from 3 to 6 are ordered, 25 per cent. discount, and when from 6 to 12 are ordered, 30 per cent discount to dealers and clubs.
TERMS.—Cash on delivery of goods. Sent safely by Express.
☞ All work warranted of first quality.

KENDALL'S ANEROID BAROMETER.—At the New Haven Agricultural Lectures last Winter, Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, called special attention to this instrument, and placed it on a par with those of European manufacture. We met for one at them during the spring, and for three months past have frequently compared it with one of the best standard mercurial barometers kept by Mr. Sloat. It has proved to be accurate beyond expectation.—*American Agriculturist.*

To Messrs. SAVAGE & LYMAN, Montreal,
Dear Sirs,—I have examined the Aneroid Barometer, made by E. Kendall, of New Lebanon Springs, N. Y., and have found it equal to any aneroid I have used. Its low price will place it within the reach of many to whom it will be of great utility as an indicator of changes in the weather.
CHARLES SMALLWOOD, M. D., LL. D.
Observatory, Isle Jesus, C. E., March 19, 1861.

HOWARD'S NEW MOWER.
PRICE REDUCED FOR 1861.

THE Cheapest, most Durable, and Lightest Draft Mower offered for sale. Four sizes—$70, $85 and $100 each. All are warranted. Can give the testimonials of those who have used them, if desired. Send for Circular giving full description.

Ketchum's Combined Machine,

Improved, price, as usual, $130. Improvement of guards, shoe with roller, lever with roller, and extras for the KETCHUM Machine, furnished at moderate prices, by giving the number of the Machine for which they are wanted. 595-3t
Address R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRIZE MEDAL
OHIO
REAPER AND MOWER.
E. Ball's Patent.
MANUFACTURED BY
ROSS, DODGE & POMROY,
AUBURN, N. Y.

1. The carriage of the machine is mounted on two driving wheels. In connection with each of these is a spur wheel and pinion, making the machine stronger and more durable than any single-geared machine can be.

2. The relation between these two driving wheels is such that they operate jointly or separately, as circumstances may require. The result of this is, that when the machine is moving on a curve, either to the right or left, the usual speed of the knife is retained and clogging avoided, and in turning and backing, the machine throws itself out of gear.

3. The weight of the carriage and gearing attached to it, as well as that of both raker and driver, is thrown directly upon the two driving wheels, by which the following advantages are gained:—1st. The wheels are prevented from slipping on the ground, and thus prevent the machine clogging. 2d. A powerful and efficient stroke to the knife is produced, enabling the machine to cut any kind of grass or grain without difficulty.—3d. No weight being thrown on either the platform or cutter-bar but that of its own, side-draft is obviated, and the machine made to run lighter.

4. The machine, both as a Reaper and Mower, has a flexible cutter-bar, which invariably adapts itself to the uneven surface of the ground. This is the first successful machine that ever combined this principle, and it is now an almost universally admitted fact among intelligent farmers and mechanics that it is impossible to construct a good Mowing Machine without having a flexible cutter-bar and two driving wheels.

The advantages of this machine as a Reaper are very obvious:

1. The grain is delivered at the side of the platform, entirely out of the way of the next round.

2. It cuts a swath six feet wide, and will cut one acre per hour with one span of horses without injuring them.

3. It can be changed from a Mower to a Reaper in fifteen minutes, and vice versa.

There are other general points of excellence, the simple mention of which will be at once understood by the practical farmer:

1. The mechanical execution of the work, as well as the character of the materials used in their construction, is superior to that of most machines of the kind.

2. The driving wheels are three feet high, thus improving the draft.

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5. In case the "Lifting Principle" should be preferred to the one just described, the cutter-bar can be confined to cut at any given height, and then by the use of the lever, the driver, while on his seat, can raise the cutter-bar parallel with the ground from three to twelve inches. This arrangement facilitates turning and backing, or passing over large stones or stumps.

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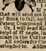

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Reaper and Mower,
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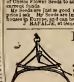

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"ENLISTED TO-DAY."

[The following beautiful lines are from *Harper's Weekly* for the current week. There is a touching pathos in them that only a fond mother could breathe in behalf of her brave "volunteer boy."]

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh, to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon, sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day;

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
The sun making gold of his wreathed cigar smoke,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke

"Dear mother, you know that those traitors are crowing,
They trample the folds of our flag in the dust;
The boys are all fire; and they wish I were going"—
He stopped, but his eyes said, "Oh, say if I must!"

I smiled on the boy, though my heart it seemed breaking;
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away,
And answered him, "Willie, 'tis well you are waking—
Go act as your father would bid you to-day!"

I sit in the window and see the flag flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bees' hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come

And if he should fall—his young life he has given
For Freedom's sake—and for me I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

The Story-Teller.

MARRIED FOR A DINNER.

The down train from London had just entered the Great Cokehampton station; the hour was 9.50 A. M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Cokehampton, the railway traveler is allowed to leave his carriage for a few minutes, in order to snatch a hasty cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows, the custom at Cokehampton to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the repast is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite towards the refreshment saloon was a straight, long-limbed, handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting-jacket, brown moustache, and a wide-awake that had seen service. This was my friend Raffaelle Smith of Clipstone street, London, landscape painter, journeying in the search of back-grounds, fore-grounds, and other "bits" of nature, as he termed them, for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general reader, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to annual custom, the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on this particular occasion, that although Raffaelle Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvasses, colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast. Breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokehampton, some sixty miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten minutes, gents!"

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition, such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveler usually seeks the Cokehampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the railway time table, gave promptness to Raffaelle Smith's movements, and caused that young luminary of art to be among the first of those who sought refection at Cokehampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly, the pressing injunction of the guard had scarcely been uttered, when my friend found himself at the most plentifully garnished portion of the table. The Cokehampton waitresses are no less neat handed than natty, and Raffaelle Smith's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question interrupted his prefatory order for "Soup!"

"Is there a gen'l'man here called Smith?"

The artist scrutinized the faces of his fellow travelers, to order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of them; and, as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."

"H'm! but I am unknown to a single inhabitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom, readily. "That is the reason why I am sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me!" repeated Smith, in great astonishment. "By whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me," continued the mysterious groom. "I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private."

A sudden misgiving took possession of Raffaelle Smith. "Come, gentlemen," he said, addressing his fellow travelers, "is it a practical joke? If any gentlemen present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to avow it at once, and to allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain!"

In answer to this novel summons, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity imposed upon the stomach a delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, informed his traveling companions that he would return in the course of a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom, who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street, said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having a laugh at them gents! They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to lunch there!"

"I tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once,—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense,—I shall not leave you without a sound threshing" (the groom bowed respectfully,) "for causing me to lose my lunch and miss my train."

"Ah, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokehampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa."

The last phrase, though not more comprehensible than the other portion of the groom's conversation, somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your master?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the messenger.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well," cried Raffaelle, flickering off the dust from his boots with his handkerchief, "all that is not very alarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn. Once more," he added, speaking to the domestic, "are you quite certain that it is to me, Raffaelle Smith, Clipstone street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You're the very gent, sir," answered the groom, readily; "and here's the note she sent you."

Raffaelle hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough "Mr. Smith," although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle; but to crown the mystery, the note was anonymous, and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed on his alacrity and discretion."

Now, this was an adventure that commenced in too charming a fashion not to be followed up. Raffaelle at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokehampton, and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to "Go on!"

"It is not two minutes walk," answered the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist; "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity."

But, on suddenly turning a corner out of the High street, Raffaelle saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaelle had learned nothing from his interrogation of the groom. He threw himself back on the seat, and resigned himself to await the denouement of his traveling adventure. "Ah, ha!" he said to himself, and the brougham dashed along the road, "the whole thing resembles an incident in a play, and I am at this moment performing the part of a fashionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate, it will be a good story to tell my friends,—that is, provided the play does not terminate in a lugubrious fashion. One thing is certain," he continued, "which is, that I don't know a single individual in Cokehampton. Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge? No, that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going. None of my chums know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good bye by letter, after I had put fifty miles of railroad between us."

The horses still maintained their fast pace, and Raffaelle threw himself back in the carriage, giving free rein to his imagination. "I have it!" he cried, suddenly slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the enigma! I'll wager that this is the work of Thompson or Megilp. I don't know which, but I have a dim recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokehampton. That's it! Either Thompson or Megilp is rusticating down here,—has seen me get out at the railway station,—and (sublime idea!) has sent me an improvised invitation. A clever and discreet groom —a mysterious note,—I am carried off,—I alight at the avuncular door,—delightful surprise,—introduction,—good dinner—capital little party—choice wine—lights—conversation. Ah! a good joke!"

Raffaelle had no sooner brought his soliloquy to this satisfactory termination, than he thrust his head out of the window. He was resolved to put his idea at once upon an authentic basis, by extracting a few confirmatory replies from the groom.

"Hi, coachman! Just pull up a moment. Young man," he continued, addressing the groom, "I want you to answer me a question."

The coachman pulled up his horses; the groom was at the door in an instant.

"Your master's name is Thompson?" inquired Raffaelle.

The groom touched his hat. "No, sir."

"Then you are in the service of Mr. Megilp?"

"Don't known no person of that name, sir," replied the laconic groom.

Raffaelle fell back in his seat, thoroughly routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along the road. Raffaelle pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed his arms, and felt like a General whose elite corps, sent forward to turn the tide of the battle, had just been repulsed—annihilated. At the end of ten minutes the brougham stopped before a little green gate, which was immediately opened. The artist descended, and mechanically followed a servant, who led him across a garden. After proceeding along a trimly kept gravel walk, he reached the back entrance of a country mansion.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the domestic, "but mistress thought you would not mind coming into the house through the kitchen, as you might not like to be seen by the company till you had changed your dress."

"Don't mention it," replied Raffaelle, casting a glance at the great fire, the spit, and the bright stewpans. They crossed the kitchen, and the servant, opening the door, led the way up the narrow staircase.

"Hush! Be silent as you can, sir; we are on the private stairs of the house, leading to your apartment. Pray take care; hold on by the rail,—follow me!" Raffaelle ascended on tip-toe. "This is your room, sir. Will you please to take a seat while I go in and inform my mistress?"

Raffaelle Smith dropped into a chair, once more entangled in an inextricable maze of supposition.

"There is evidently some mistake here. It is quite clear that I am taken for some one else. When the lady of the house discovers that I am a total stranger, —well, I shall be politely shown to the door, amidst the laughter of the company,—that's all! Come, the affair is now taking a tragic turn. That splendid repast, on which my imagination dwelt, is being whisked from under my nose, like Sancho Panza's dinner. But if it turns out so," muttered the enraged artist between his teeth,—"if I am ejected from this house, my unappeased appetite will drive me to half kill that villainous flunkey who has brought me into this scrape. Hark! I hear footsteps! They approach! The catastrophe is now at hand!"

The servant entered, and said in a whisper to Raffaelle—

"Here is my mistress!"

At the same instant a lady entered the apartment. She appeared about fifty years of age. Grave, self-possessed, and perfectly lady-like, her deportment re-assured the bewildered painter. The lady requested the servant to wait outside, advanced, and held out her hand with a smile, in which there was just a shade of elegant and well-bred familiarity. Raffaelle responded to this polite reception by making several bows of an attempted aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. "The lady appears to look upon me in the light of a friend. I wonder what reason she will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir!" began the lady, "we have been awaiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety. It appears that Charles has not accompanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate we have received you." (Another smile on the part of the lady—giving her, in Raffaelle's eyes, the most Sphinx-like attributes.) "I am sure you will agree with me when I say that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe you!"

"Owe me, madam! I am sure—yes—oh!" replied the young painter, judging that in such a reply there was nothing to compromise him.

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the imperious motives which have caused us to act in this abrupt manner; and these strange and exceptional circumstances will, I trust, completely excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate friend of my son—a friend whom he has known since boyhood; a gentleman in whom we could confide as in him—such a person only could we admit to a complicity in our plot. The eulogium which Charles passed upon you, in his letter of yesterday, informing us of your immediate departure from London, has fully satisfied us. My dear sir, I am certain we shall never have to repent having reposed our entire confidence in you—of having confided to you that which we hold dearest in the world; and I beg of you to rest assured that you will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the honor of Charles and of ourselves."

"I am certain of it, madam," answered Raffaelle, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch.

"But the time draws near. You are somewhat late," continued the lady; "all the company are assembled in the drawing room. Charles wrote to inform us that he had arranged everything with you. I can assure you we have neglected nothing. Ah! I see you are in your traveling dress, and, in your haste have forgotten your luggage at Cokehampton. You will find in that wardrobe some clothes of Charles'. He wrote to us that you were both of the same stature, —I see that you are a little taller. However, that is not material. Pray attire yourself as quickly as you can. In a quarter of an hour my brother, the Major, will come here for you. He will introduce you to the family and to our friends. Adieu, for the present, then, my dear sir—I may almost say my dear Smith," said the lady, holding out her hand, with another of her elegant but most inexplicable smiles. And she went out, leaving my friend in a condition bordering upon complete stupefaction.

"Well, well," he said, when he had somewhat recovered himself, "if this is a farce, it is not a bad one. I must admit that the matron of the piece plays her part in the most captivating manner. But I think I may be allowed to call her a most puzzling old lady. Ah! if I only understood a single word of this affair! If I only knew her son who is called Charles, and her brother, the Major, who is to come to conduct me to the assembled company, to introduce me, and to offer me—something to eat, I hope! But I must hasten to put on the clothes of Charles—my most intimate, though unknown friend! The lady said they were in the wardrobe. Ah! this is capital! Coat, waistcoat, cravat, patent leathers, all here; and on the dressing-table oils, brushes, cosmetics. Charles is evidently a swell of the most resplendent character!"

In a very short time Raffaelle Smith was transformed into an elegant cavalier. While he was contemplating himself with some satisfaction in a glass, and taking in, by several holes, the band of that article of attire which envelopes the neither extremities, with a view of silencing the murmurs of his stomach, an individual entered the apartment and Raffaelle heard behind him, in a deep bass voice—

"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready?"

A glance at that tall, meagre, military form, that hooked nose, that white moustache, told the painter that it was the Major. Raffaelle was by no means comfortable in spirit as he turned towards the old man. The latter, however, seemed to review him from head to foot with an air of satisfaction.

"I am glad to find that Charles has not deceived us. I must admit that your are a smart young fellow, and not ill-suited to the business we have before us. Your hand, Mr. Smith. We are not strangers, although we now see each other for the first time. I hope you havn't forgotten the instructions given you by Charles!"

"On that point, my dear sir," replied Raffaelle, "you may be quite easy. I can assure you that I have not forgotten one word of what Charles has told me."

"Very good. You will recollect that my niece's name is Emily, and that it is absolutely essential, in order to save her in the eyes of the world, and particularly in the eyes of my old cousin Lucy's friends—it is imperative, I repeat, in order that our proceedings may not appear strange, unbecoming and abrupt, that you should pretend to have made the acquaintance of niece while she was staying with her mother in London, a year ago. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Major, perfectly."

"Then let us go down at once."

Raffaelle Smith experienced considerable hesitation at this critical moment; but the singularity of the adventure, the desire to see the conclusion, and it must else be added, the devouring appetite which tormented him, all united in compelling him to follow in the Major's footsteps. The latter led the way down a vast and richly decorated staircase, and opening a door, ushered him into a magnificent drawing-room, where the bewildered painter found himself in the presence of a brilliant and numerous assembly. The entrance of the Major and painter produced a general sensation.

"I have the honor," said the Major, "to introduce to you Mr. Smith—the future husband of Emily Shuttleworth, my niece."

At this extraordinary announcement, Raffaelle felt his knees giving way beneath him—all the blood in his body seemed to be rushing into his cheeks—he was a victim to vertigo—he was fairly stunned—and if the Major had not supported him, he would certainly have fallen backwards.

"Be cool," whispered the major, "be self-possessed, Smith! Master your emotion."

To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he had ever made in his life. The major conducted him toward the lady whom he had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. In a very short time Raffaelle found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of marrying than of allying himself matrimonially with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaelle felt himself somewhat of a culprit, as he stood there receiving congratulations, and overloaded with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in a house wherein he had no better claim to be present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrassment, Raffaelle turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence. The major, taking him aside into a recess of one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry out his honorable intention.

"Tut, tut!" said he, with true military promptitude; "not a word, my dear Smith. I repeat, your arrival makes me the happiest man alive!"

"But, my dear sir—your niece——"

"My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just imagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Cokehampton—several carriages smashed, sir; and, had you been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

The perplexed Raffaelle could only repeat the numerals in reply.

"Yes, my dear Smith," continued the major; "fifty thousand pounds, sir! For to-morrow the date given in my old cousin Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that Raffaelle could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that stupid dog Charles should have told you all this. But perhaps he has only very imperfectly explained to you my cousin's extraordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaelle.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the details. You must know that my cousin Lucy died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds. Now that sum was left to my niece Emily, on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the date of the testator's death. Failing in which, all the property goes to charities. We loved Emily too much to force her into a hasty and distasteful union. Emily has not reached her twenty-first year; and she has never yet met one on whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on, and we were on the point of resigning the brilliant fortune which had been left to her on such extraordinary conditions, when, a few days since, her brother Charles suddenly wrote to us—'Emily shall be married before the appointed time!' We at first received this intimation as a piece of idle pleasantry; but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration—he drew such a favorable picture of your disposition, your principles—he spoke in such a touching manner of the brotherly love which had united you and himself since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy. You know the rest, my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought you —he offered you the hand and heart, which you accepted—and in a few hours you come here to become my nephew, and the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles, and myself, are all to whom the secret of this impromptu marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why my sister and myself pretended to hail you as an old acquaintance from the first moment of your entering this house. That is my story, my dear nephew!"

At the instant when the major had concluded his speech, and when the artist was about to avow, with exemplary frankness and honesty, that he was not the real and expected Smith, there arose a great commotion in the drawing room.

"Hasten, my dear friend," cried the major, "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar! The carriages are at the door."

Raffaelle reflected a moment. "If I speak out now," he said to himself, "I bring trouble, scandal, despair upon this excellent family. I must tell the truth to the major when we enter the carriage—feign illness—anything to save my honor!"

The major, little suspecting what was passing through the mind of the young man whose arm was in his own, conducted him to a seat in an elegant brougham, which was drawn up with several other vehicles before the door of the villa. Raffaelle Smith was an honest man, and his conscience revolted at the act he was about to perform. He leaned forward and clutched the hand of the major, who sat opposite to him, with a cold and convulsive grasp. He could barely stammer out, in a low voice,

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further!"

The pallid features and trembling voice of the young artist alarmed the old man.

"What is the matter?" he cried; "what can you have to say at such a moment as this?"

"Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected."

The major fell back on his seat as if struck by a cannon shot.

"You are not Mr. Smith?" he cried in a choking voice.

Hereupon the painter related, with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the home of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there up to the moment of his introduction to the guests in the drawing room, and the real, though apparently trivial, motives which had prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah! sir," cried the major, in despair, "what shall we do now?—what step can we take? My niece is ruined! And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromised—lost!—as well as her mother's and my own! Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we knew you some time. How can we retract those words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my niece, sir!"

"I am ready to do anything," said Raffaelle. "How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?"

"It is too late!" cried the major. "There is no way of saving ourselves!"

At this moment the coach pulled up at the church door.

"What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted before the door of the sacred edifice.

"My dear sir," answered the major—whose military decision seemed to be restored—"this is to be done; you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me; but so is my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken the truth to me, tells me that you are a man of honor. Hasten, sir!—take Emily's hand!—but, remember, not a word of this to any one; it is a secret between us both."

And, with these words, the major hastily pushed Raffaelle into the church. In a few moments the artist stood before the altar, beside a young and charming girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. She was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful. She cast up her eyes at the approach of the young artist; her glance, at first timid, became in an instant more re-assured as she saw what a handsome, and, more than all, what an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the major afterward declared, it might have been seen by any one that the emotion and blushes of both Raffaelle and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at first sight.

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repast. The major took advantage of a favorable moment to slip out, so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other and original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighboring town to Cokehampton. He learnt that both had been passengers in the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unhurt; but his friend had received a severe injury.

The major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith No. 1, after lying for some time in a dangerous condition, at length recovered, and was induced to go back to London, without making any protest against the marriage, to which a common form of enrome and the accidents of steam had given rise. Charles at first wanted to lodge the contents of a five-barreled Colt's revolver in the breast of his improvised brother-in-law; but, after a few months, he shook hands warmly with the man whom he found to be dearly loved by his sister, and soon became as devotedly attached to him as to the Smith of his school days.

Raffaelle is an excellent husband. Chance has made this pair more happy than thousands who have spent time and thought in choosing. Emily loves her husband, Raffaelle Smith adores his wife, but he is very careful never to tell her that he was "married for a dinner."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 8, 7, 6, 10, 4, 11 is an annual calendar
My 2, 4, 3, 14 is a farmer's outbuilding
My 5, 6, 9, 3 is one of the integuments of the body.
My 7, 6, 14 is a human being
My 8, 1, 7, 2 is a very useful animal.
My 9, 10, 14 is a boarding place
My 11, 12, 3, 14 is a kind of grain.
My 12, 10, 9, 12, 14 is a vegetable.
My 13, 9, 12, 14 is found in Asia and Africa.
My 14, 12, 1, 5 was an ancient builder
My whole is a noted character
Cold Brook, Her. Co., N. Y., 1861. L. G. BENSON
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 14, 4, 17, 13 is a county in Indiana.
My 8, 10, 18, 10, 16, 7, 14 is a town in the Eastern States.
My 11, 6, 9, 18, 3 is a river in New York.
My 2, 14, 12, 13 is a cape on the coast of Newfoundland.
My 5, 3, 16, 6, 16, 17, 16, 7, 9, 17 is a county in Ohio
My 1, 14, 2, 8, 15 is a city in France
My 1, 3, 11, 14, 16, 9, 17, 16, 3 is a country in South America.
My whole is a Bible command.
Rochester, N. Y., 1861. T. C.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

QUESTION FOR THE CURIOUS.

How many consecutive hours each week is the Christian Sabbath observed by the inhabitants of the earth, commencing at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, on the 180th° of east longitude, from London, and ending at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, on the 180th° of west Longitude, from the same place? An answer is requested, with the reasons for the same.

Manchester, N. Y., 1861. D.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

THE head of a wedge is 16 inches, and the length of one of its sides 48 inches. What will be the measure of the effect denoted by a force of 2,876 pounds?

Gouverneur, N. Y., 1861. EDWIN A. DODDS.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 693.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Zachariah Chandler.
Answer to Analytical Enigma:—Cross-cut-saw
Answer to Puzzle:—Get the best paper in the world—MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—72.

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THE BENEFACTOR
COOKING STOVE, FOR WOOD OR COAL.
Baking and Roasting done in Currents of Fresh Heated Air.

No. 8 Square Top. No. 9 Square Top.
No. 8 Extension Top. No. 9 Extension Top.

IN offering this new Cooking Stove to the public, we invite a candid, careful, comparative examination into its merits, after which we have no fears in regard to the result.

"THE BENEFACTOR" has two main features, which are new, and not found in any stove in the market, not even in the so-called "first class." These features effectually remedy two great evils which have attended the use of Cooking Stoves from the time of their first introduction, and which have made many a house-keeper sigh for the good old times of brick ovens and fire-place or roasting-spits.

The comparative innutritious and unsavory quality given to food cooked in the confined chamber of a Stove Oven, and the excessive heat, especially in the summer season, and consequent waste of fuel attending the use of all Cooking Stoves as heretofore constructed, are evils seriously affecting the health, comfort and economy of the household.

The first new feature alluded to above, is the

System of Ventilation,

By which the Baking and all Cooking in the Oven is done in Currents of Heated-Air, instead of in a Confined Hot air Chamber, as in all other Stoves generally known to the public.

The peculiar quality given to bread and pastry baked in the old fashioned Brick Oven, is given in this Stove by means of these currents of fresh heated air constantly passing through the oven during the process of baking. Also, by the same means, meats roasted (not baked) in this oven, receive that same richness of taste and odor which we were want to enjoy in the days of strings and spits, before an open fire.

Bread and Pastry Baking.

During the process of baking large quantities of carbonic acid gas and noxious vapors are necessarily evolved. The walls of the old fashioned Brick Oven absorb these vapors, hence the excellence of that famous household fixture.

Attempts have been made to accomplish the same result by filling the *iron-cased walls* of stove ovens with *sand*, and also by building those walls of *fire brick*, but these contrivances to secure the advantages of a Brick Oven have proved to be as practically useless as they are unphilosophical in principle. The only method by which noxious vapors and gases can be prevented from escaping into the rooms of the house, and by which the excellent effect of the Brick Oven can be secured in the use of Cooking Stoves, is the one adopted in this stove, viz. *The free passage of currents of fresh air through the oven, which carry into the enlarged smoke flue all that is offensive or deleterious, naturally or accidentally arising in the process of baking.*

Roasting Meats.

One well versed upon this subject, speaking in relation to Cooking Stoves as heretofore made, says—"These iron monsters that save fuel, and consume human life, have driven the old wood fire and great stone chimney and huge oven almost out of memory, except to a few who have the hardihood to declare that no man ever knew what a good roast was, whether of beef, mutton, veal, pork, goose, duck or a glorious fat turkey—who has not eaten it that was cooked before a wood fire, suspended by a string or supported by a spit resting on the ponderous fire dogs. To be sweet, nutritious and delightful to the palate, a roast must be cooked in the open air. The oxygen of a free atmosphere is just as necessary as fire to make a good roast." This author is entirely correct in his views, and this stove, in order to avoid the evils, and secure the benefits alluded to, is so constructed that a free circulation of fresh atmospheric air is constantly kept up through the oven, thereby giving to roasting meats the open air effect so essential. So that, instead of the empyreumatic stuff taken from other stove ovens, you get savory, rich, delicious, toothsome roasted meat, as if done before a wood fire with nearly all the natural juices retained. Such meat is not only more palatable, but more nutritious than meat baked, (not roasted,) in stove ovens, as heretofore constructed.

Application of the Heat to the Oven.

The other main feature of this stove, which distinguishes it from all other stoves, is the peculiar manner in which the heat is applied to and retained upon the oven. The flues are constructed independent of each other and of the main outside plates of the stove, so that by means of perforations through the oven plates, the entire radiating surface of the flues is brought to bear directly upon the heat of the oven.

By this plan of construction, great economy of fuel is secured; also a quick and powerful, or a steady, moderate heat upon the oven, as the operator may desire; the comfort of a cool stove to do work by in the heat of summer, because the main outside plates are never heated to a high degree of heat. This last statement will be made strikingly apparent by the fact that after the fire-draft has been forced through the flues, the oven-bottom will immediately become hissing hot, while the back and bottom of the stove will at the same time be cold to the touch of the hand. In winter, the room may be quicker and more easily heated than with other stoves when the oven is not in use, by leaving the oven-doors open thus allowing a free circulation of air through the stove around the fire-box, which, becoming heated in its passage, is distributed to all parts of the room.

Broiling.

The Broiling arrangement is simple, natural and convenient, and is located in or upon the fire-bottom in front. The natural accumulation of coals from the fire necessary to boil the tea-kettle or coffee, when wood is the fuel used, will be sufficient to do the broiling. The ash grate over the deep sink in the fire-bottom admits a free draft through it, which keeps the coals alive and carries the smoke into the stove. This arrangement obviates the disagreeable and awkward necessity of removing the coals with a shovel from the fire box to the broiling hearth, as in some stoves, or of building a charcoal fire on purpose for broiling, or of broiling on the top of the stove.

When coal is the fuel used the broiling should be done over the fire with Brooks & Grover's Patent Oval Grid Iron, which is the most perfect article for use upon coal stoves ever invented.

The Oven Top.

This plate presents to view the appearance of a series of caps or indentures which are to be filled with ashes before commencing to use the stove. This shaped plate with the covering of ashes upon it, is guarded against burning out or cracking, and serves to equalize the heat of the oven.

Durability.

The real value of a Cooking Stove is not altogether in its superior advantages for cooking purposes, but these being equal, the one that will last the longest is the most valuable. The plates in this stove are all very thick and heavy, the weight of the stove being greater than any in market. The constant circulation of air around the fire-box will add years to the life or duration of the fire back. These and other considerations, the most important of which are entirely new and peculiar to this stove, cannot fail to make it more durable than any other not possessing the same features.

The Oven

Is one-third larger than most ovens, and is larger than any known.

Meats or Poultry may be suspended upon hooks across the top and leave ample room for basting, which, with the currents of fresh heated air constantly passing around the roast, secures perfectly the old fashioned effect of roasting before an open fire.

Advantages Possessed by the Benefactor in Common with other Stoves.

It is made with a Square Top or with an Extension Top.
A Tin Closet or Warming Oven may be attached.
The Seams and all joints are fitted with the greatest possible care and exactness.
The Oven doors are lined with Tin.
The Plates are all smooth and perfect.
The Ornamental Design is neat and cheerful, and easily cleaned.
It is remarkable for its economy of fuel.

Advantages Possessed by the Benefactor which are not found in other Stoves.

It has a larger and better shaped Oven, through which currents of fresh heated air are constantly passing, carrying into the escape flue all noxious vapors and vitiated air.
The Oven may be put in Baking or Roasting order much quicker.
It bakes like the old fashioned Brick Oven.
It roasts without the necessity of a tin roaster, and with like effect upon meat as when done by the old method before an open fire.
It is cooler in Summer and warmer in Winter.
It will last or wear longer.
Being more simple, it is easier managed than other "first-class" Stoves.
Its arrangement for regulating and controlling the draft is more perfect.

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